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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1858.

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President.—The Right Hon. the EARL OF CARLISLE, K.G.

The PROVISIONAL MEETING of this SOCIETY will be held at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 17. Doors to be open at seven, the Chair to be taken at eight precisely. The proceedings will terminate with a Performance of Vocal and Instrumental Music. An Exhibition of Pictures and other Works of Art will be open throughout the evening. Artists and others desirous of contributing works for the occasion, are requested to communicate with the Hon. Secretary not later than on Wednesday at noon.

Admission free, by tickets only, for which application may be made, on and after Monday next (specifying whether for gentlemen or ladies), to the Hon. Secretary; or to Messrs. COLNAGHI & CO., Pall Mall East; Messrs. H. GRAVES & CO., Pall Mall; Messrs. LEIGHTON & CO., Cornhill; Mr. SARGENT, 1, St. James's Street; and Messrs. COCKS & CO., 6, New Burlington Street.

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The late Baron Alderson rose to the bench by means of qualities that are almost certain to ensure success at the bar,—a clear and cultivated intellect, ready speech, attractive bearing and address, concentration of purpose, and steady devotion to the business of his profession. With the usual distractions of successful lawyers he had very little to do. He took no active part in politics; nor, with the exception of an occasional pamphlet, did he attempt authorship. Law was the business, and literature the recreation of his life. It is questionable indeed whether he could have achieved any great distinction out of his chosen walk. With a great appreciation of letters and a genuine relish for scholarly pursuits, he had very little faculty of a purely literary kind; and, while taking an interest in public affairs, and having opinions of his own on most important questions, both religious and political, he lacked the broad, firm grasp of mind, the insight into character, varied knowledge of the world, and practical power, that are the conditions of political success. Without great original powers or talents of a brilliant kind, he was intelligent, courageous, and sincere, and discharged the duties of his high position with dignity and ability. His habitual elevation of feeling and strict conscientiousness of purpose would, indeed, have made far humbler talents than Baron Alderson possessed both respectable and respected. The volume before us—a filial tribute of respect to the memory of the late Judge—collects the charges and pamphlets published during his life, with extracts from speeches and judgments that have not hitherto appeared in a separate form. To these fragments is prefixed a biographical sketch, occupying about half the volume. A lawyer's life is rarely very eventful; and the late Baron's progress was from the first so steady, his course throughout so equable and conservative, that it presents fewer points of interest than most biographies of the like kind. The main facts of his career may soon be told.

Baron Alderson was born at Yarmouth in the year 1787. His father,—descended from an old north of England family, long settled at Ravenstonedale,—held for many years the combined offices of Recorder of Norwich, Yarmouth, and Ipswich. Having early lost his mother, his youth was spent beneath the roof of his maternal grandfather at Yarmouth. He was sent by his grandfather to school, at Scarning in Norfolk, where Lord Chancellor Thurlow spent the early part of his educational course. On the death of his grandfather he proceeded to the Grammar School of Bury St. Edmunds, where he formed a friendship which remained through life, with the late Bishop Blomfield, then one of his school companions. After leaving school he spent a year as a private pupil with Mr. Maltby, late Bishop of Durham, which seems to have been of essential service in his University career. The small band of private pupils who were his contemporaries furnished to the University a Senior and Second Wrangler,

two Chancellor's Medallists, and two Smith's Prizemen. In 1805 he proceeded to Cambridge, having been entered at Caius College. He had the good, or rather evil fortune of coming up to the University "with a great reputation." He did not allow this, however, to exercise an injurious influence on his course, as it might easily have done, by making him either too careless or too anxious. From the first he formed the steady resolve to gain the highest honours the University had to bestow. "If any one had offered me, when going up to college," he says, "the place of *Second Wrangler*, I would have at once refused." His college course was throughout the reflex of this resolve. He was regular in his habits, both of study and recreation, worked with ease and rapidly, avoided wine parties, was not very regular in his attendance at morning chapel, but in all other respects led a life exemplary enough, we should fancy, to be stigmatised by his more rapid associates as rather slow. The result however justified his confidence in himself, and the wisdom of the course he had pursued. At the final examination he came out *Senior Wrangler*, took the first Smith's prize with ease, and was *First Medallist* in the subsequent classical examination. A fellowship naturally followed such a brilliant degree. Having chosen the law, he entered at once on the duties of his profession, coming up to London the same year (1809); and, having entered the *Middle Temple*, commenced his legal studies under Chitty. In 1811 he was called to the bar, and joined for the first time the *Northern Circuit* and *Yorkshire Sessions*. A month usually intervened between assize and sessions duty, and as travelling in those days was rather more serious work than now, the young barrister usually spent this time in a round of visits amongst his northern friends. The first vacant month was spent in a visit to Brougham Castle, the residence of Lord Brougham's father, and in visiting the Lakes, whose romantic scenery appears to have called out the poetry of his nature. He seems never to have been a briefless barrister. On his first circuit he had work to do, which steadily increased every successive year. His early life has thus none of the struggles and vicissitudes which usually mark the outset of a successful barrister's career.

Alderson was not however during these years wholly occupied with the law. He found time for literature and other recreations as well. He was fond of the theatre, liked society, and dallied with the Muses. His taste in the latter direction, which chiefly manifested itself in the form of verse, was developed by constant intercourse with his sprightly cousin and correspondent, the late Mrs. Opie, not then a Quaker, or likely to become one, but in the full swing of London gaiety under the Regency. Verses full of delicate compliment and sympathetic sentiment are forwarded from the "*Monk of the Temple*," and responded to by his fair correspondent "at least as good a Nun as thou art Monk." But he was too sensible to allow literary tastes and social pleasures to tempt him from the main business of life. In 1817 he became Reporter to the Court of King's Bench, a post which involved a good deal of labour, both in court and chambers. In 1822, however, he gave up the office, influenced partly apparently by the current feeling, that legal reporters do not rise higher in the profession. In writing to his brother he says, "I have resigned my appointment as Reporter to the King's Bench, for I hope for something

better." In the following year he married Miss Georgina Drewe, whose family resided at the Grange, near Honiton, in Devonshire. Motions, briefs, and references flowed rapidly in, and he was now a barrister in full practice, and spoken of as the probable leader of the *Northern Circuit*. About this time, too, he began to be employed in Parliamentary business, being engaged by the opponents of the first Railway Bill that ever came before a Committee of the House of Commons—that of the celebrated Manchester and Liverpool Railway. Mr. Alderson's examination of Stephenson created considerable attention at the time, and is fully given in the life of the great engineer recently published. He never attempted to enter Parliament himself, and in the election contests of 1830 he contented himself with canvassing the borough of Newark during a very hotly contested fight. He took, however, considerable interest in another contest—that of Mr. Brougham for the county of York. A circuit incident that occurred at this time he turned into an epigram. Brougham had been making a speech on slavery at a meeting of the Dissenters at Newcastle:

"Old Harry of late to a meeting-house went,  
And he talked (how he talked!) to their joy and content;  
But what did he talk of, to suit that connection?  
Why, you goose, do you ask? Sure he talked of Election."

In 1830 his career as a barrister was brought to a close by his appointment as one of the three newly-created Judges; and in November of that year he took his seat on the bench in the Court of Common Pleas, presided over by Lord Chief Justice Tindal. The formalities of his appointment were scarcely over when his services as criminal Judge were required by the Government, on the special commission appointed to try the rioters of the southern counties, whose mischievous doings as "machinery smashers" had seriously disturbed that part of the country. He was afterwards employed on other special commissions of the like kind; but his professional career as Judge will be fresh in the memory of most readers, and we need not enlarge on this part of his public history.

The picture given of Baron Alderson's private life during his legal vacations is a pleasant and attractive one. He was thoroughly a domestic man, and enjoyed to the full the pleasures of country retirement, home life, and social intercourse. For ten years, his vacations were spent chiefly at Lowestoft, in Suffolk, where he had a pleasant residence near the sea. Here the time was spent in rural occupations, literary amusements, and short sea and land excursions. With his family and friends the Baron would often take a sail along the coast, a river excursion inland, or an improvised trip to Holland, Belgium, or parts of the French coast. Here, too, he renewed his early intercourse with the Muses, writing translations and adaptations of Horace, some of which, of average merit, are given amongst the fragments collected in this volume. He would often, we are told, wander over the Dunes or along the shore, Horace in hand, engaged in his favourite work. Here too he was enabled to keep up active correspondence with his cousin, Mrs. Opie, no longer quite so gay, but quite as sprightly and vivacious as in the earlier days. His letters are almost always interesting, from the frankness of feeling and domestic interest which they evince. "Yesterday," he says in one, "our old servant left in the steam-boat for town. To our amusement she



would not receive her quarter's wages, for fear she should be lost with the money in her pocket, which she evidently thought would be a shocking addition to the calamity of being drowned." In another we have the following reference to a distinguished visitor:

"Yesterday the Guizots came to see us. He was very agreeable. They are going back to France in April. I hope they will wait till the present struggle is over. He thinks the National Assembly will now give way, and dissolve themselves; and a new Chamber of Conservatives, almost of royalists, will be returned; and that if so, either Louis Napoleon or some Bourbon will be king. It would be odd to see Richard Cromwell the Second become king at last. Guizot speaks well of Changarnier, as a man of resolution and talents. I could see how sore he felt about Louis Philippe's want of resolution, by what he said."

In another letter to Mrs. Opie, written just after the intelligence of the *Coup d'Etat* had arrived, he hazards rather a curious speculation with regard to the probable issue of this unexpected crisis. He was just on the point of starting for Paris when the news arrived, and put an end to the expedition:

"I was going there [he writes to Mrs. Opie], but of course do not dream of it now. They seem in a bad way. A nation so unfit for freedom—if that be freedom which requires those who love it to be first wise and good—does not exist. The Celts seem to me to be 'a bad lot.' I suppose it will end in Louis Napoleon's becoming dictator; and then (not unlikely), being shot by an assassin, and the game will begin over again then. The fear is, that the Pretorian guards will make him go to war for their own profit. It is a fearful crisis, I think; and the best that can happen will be for him to be made King or Emperor, and hold his ground in spite of conscience, oaths, and faith which he pledged to the Republic."

Baron Alderson was evidently throughout life a sincerely religious man, and the impression produced by the details given in the biographical sketch is that, though decided in his convictions, he was liberal and tolerant towards those who differed from him. He had a kindly feeling towards the Friends, disliked the extreme parties in his own church, disapproving both of the squabbles about the surplice and the expulsion of Mr. Bennett from St. Barnabas, and took an active part on behalf of Professor Maurice, when he was dismissed from King's College. Writing to Mrs. Opie, as to their essential union in feeling and purpose, he says:

"Each of us, I presume, has the same object, but conceding to you the advantage which I doubt not you individually feel (and that in common with highly-educated and spiritualised minds) from the silent worship of which you speak, I own I cannot bring myself to think that it would be at all suitable to the bulk of mankind, for whom we are to provide. The mass, if they could sit silent (which I doubt), would be thinking of their farms, or merchandise, or gains, or pleasures, or sins. Believe me, your worship, for the bulk of the people, is an impossibility, and that, as it seems to me, shows that it is defective. Whereas the social worship of the Church is calculated for every one. What our Church wants, I think, is a more free outlet for zealous and enthusiastic spirits. They are immediately branded as heterodox, and driven out."

Though sincerely religious, he was neither speculative nor enthusiastic. He was a consistent churchman of the good and ordinary type—a little high, perhaps constitutionally, but still quite sound, liberal, and sincere. His whole view of life is well expressed in a letter written to his son

at Eton, and given in the early part of the volume:

"I have sent you to Eton that you may be taught your duties as an English young gentleman. The first duty of such a person is to be a good and religious Christian, the next is to be a good scholar, and the third is to be accomplished in all manly exercises and games, such as rowing, swimming, jumping, cricket, and the like. Most boys I fear begin at the wrong end, and take the last first; and what is still worse, never arrive at either of the other two at all. I hope, however, better things of you: and to hear first that you are a good, truthful, honest boy, and then that you are one of the hardest workers in your class, and after that, I confess I shall be by no means sorry to hear that you can show the idle boys that an industrious one can be a good cricketer, and jump as wide a ditch, or clear as high a hedge as any of them."

His sprightliness, sympathy, and wit, prevented his opinions, even when verging towards an extreme, from becoming practically severe or intolerant. It need scarcely be added, that he was loved and respected by all who knew him. He closed his active and useful career, as most of our readers will remember, in the month of January, 1857. The present volume will be a welcome memorial of his life and character to all who knew, or had any intercourse with him, either in public or private life.

*Handbook for Travellers in Kent and Sussex.*  
With Map. (Murray.)

*Handbook for Surrey, Hampshire, and Isle of Wight.* With Map. (Murray.)

"As dull as a guide-book or a gazetteer," was a favourite comparison in the good old days of Dryasdust, who absolutely revelled in the aridity of topographical literature, and bestowed much of his labours upon the compilation of handbooks which never afforded the information most sought for, and county histories which no one ever pretended to read. To accumulate statistical details without any attempt at that classification and illustration of them which alone makes them of value to the student; to set down, sometimes in chronological order, and sometimes in the most deplorable disarray, whatever historical incidents could in any way be connected with the place described, without vivifying them by the help of poetry or philosophy, or by comparing them with one another, educing some lesson of importance or some practical truth; to flounder helplessly among genealogical intricacies, and to occupy a quarto in worthless speculations upon the propinquity of Smith and Jones: such was the task to which congenial souls devoted laborious lives. We do not wish to undervalue the assistance which these painstaking investigators have rendered to the quicker spirits now treading in their footsteps, though, we fear, few sound bricks can be fashioned with their straw; but it is undeniable that they failed to comprehend the importance, as they were unable to discern the living features, of topographical literature. In all these huge piles of quartos and folios, how little there is that savours of a clear perception of its objects, or of its important relation to national history! There is no flesh upon these rattling bones, which only start into vigour and action when quickened by the genius of the historian or the fancy of the poet.

We think that old Pennant, worthless as is his authority in too many instances, was almost the first of our topographical writers

who in any way understood the interest as well as the importance of his labours. Something like a feeling for the beauties of scenery; something like an appreciation of the charm which lies in an historical association, in the fragment of an old song, or the shadow of an ancient legend; something, in a word, of that power of combination and illustration so essential to the writer who would justly treat of the shrines and holy places of the past, is perceptible in the pages of Pennant. There is occasionally a quaint touch, a vigorous phrase, a happy allusion, which redeems him from that limbo of Dullness into which his predecessors, and too many of his followers, have irretrievably fallen. But how wide the gap between topographical literature as it was and topographical literature as it is may best be understood by reference to those able and well-known compilations—often rising into the dignity of original works—which have obtained so deserved a reputation as Murray's Handbooks, a series of learned and thoughtful volumes which would have delighted "Thomas Pennant, Esq.," even while they roused his envy.

It is not difficult to account for the signal success of these excellent books. They have been written by men who have thoroughly understood their work, and they have exactly supplied a deficiency of which the public had long been sensible. Nothing is more absurd than to imagine that topography is *caviare* to the million. There is no literature which more forcibly appeals to their peculiar sympathies. In England everything is old but its machinery. Old castles still lurk in the leafy valley-depths. Old church towers still shelter the swallows in their wealth of ivy. Old abbeys still send up a slender pillar, or display an elaborate oriel in many a grassy solitude. Of these the Englishman is never weary; he is never weary of the brave picturesque legends of knight and lady, and cowed monk, and strong-handed baron, which are as immortal as the virtues and passions which they illustrate. Show him a mossy tower or a rudely-lettered stone, and he asks its history. He craves for the association which he knows must be connected with it. He sees the undying glories of the past investing it with the *purpleum, lumen* of romance, and his heart is alive with that vigorous poetic feeling which so strangely mixes with the practical element of the English character. Our love of travel, of adventure in far-off lands and far-off seas, is old as the days of our Norse forefathers, and is as potent now for good and evil as when Drake's small caravel first cleaved the shadowy "Spanish main." Just as it takes us to Baden, and up the Rhine, so it sends us to the brink of volcanic craters, to the Geysers of Iceland, to the untrodden wilds of Central Africa, to the death-thralled seas of the Pole.

To these tastes, or rather to these passions, Murray's Handbooks have appealed. Perhaps they have assisted to preserve their vitality. At all events, they are the travelling Englishman's inseparable companions, and are almost as much a part of the *civis Romanus* as his sturdy self-assertion and national vanity. So enduring a popularity is a sufficient proof of their merit. But they are, indeed, all that handbooks should be—succinct yet full, elaborate yet concise, systematic without being tedious, and comprehensive without being diffuse. Almost all is told about a place that is worth telling, and is told well, in language not too bold, yet

not unnecessarily florid. They are valuable too, not only for what they tell, but what they suggest, and in matters of art their criticism is candid, discriminating, and safe.

We are, therefore, much pleased to find that what has been done for the Continent will now be done for England, and that our "hallowed places" of song and history will receive that copious and accurate illustration of which they stand in such extreme need. With the exception of a few isolated works, the tourist in England can find no intelligent and reliable guide. Every show-place, it is true, has its shilling and half-crown and guinea cicerones; hasty compilations of worn-out facts, occasionally diversified with lachrymose effusions of sentiment, and decorated with engravings about as accurate as the letter-press. We always marvel at the ingenuity displayed by the gentlemen who compile these evanescent volumes in telling exactly what no one wants to know, and omitting precisely what one wishes to learn. In placing within reach of the travelling public a good series of Handbooks to the English counties, we verily believe that Mr. Murray will do more to keep Englishmen at home than all the passport restrictions which the ingenuity of absolutism could devise.

The volumes before us are in almost every respect satisfactory. True, here and there we should be disposed to bargain for a more copious illustration, while there are many details which might without injury have been omitted. There are certain archaeological conjectures, too, which we are not disposed to accept; but the books as a whole are valuable contributions to our topographical literature, and leave untouched little that can be of interest or of service to the traveller. The difficulty of analysis and selection, of compression and excision, can only be appreciated by those who have long laboured in the dust, or, rather, have floundered in the mire, of county histories; and far from blaming the author of the Handbooks to Kent and Sussex, to Hampshire and Surrey, for the little he has *not* done, we are astonished he has been able to do so much.

The introductory sections of the first of these Handbooks are well written, and compress into a small space a vast number of interesting details. The first portion of the book is devoted to that most historic of all the English counties—Kent, the land, *par excellence*, of old halls and towers and manorial mansions and quaint little village churches. Well, indeed, does this garden-shire deserve the eulogium of Drayton:

"—O, famous Kent!

What county hath this isle that can compare with thee?  
That hath within itself as much as thou canst wish:  
Thy rabbits, venison, fruits, thy sorts of fowl and fish;  
As what with strength comports, thy hay, thy corn, thy wood,—  
Nor anything doth want that anywhere is good;"

as that part of English land where first trod the Roman and the Saxon; where the Norman met with dauntiest resistance; where English Christianity first took root, and where still flourishes its most beautiful temple; whose coast fronts that of our ancient inveterate rival, and whose cliffs have echoed with the thunders of many a successful sea-battle; which is rich even now in glories memorial of the past, in relics of the Roman splendour of Rutupiae and Regulbium; in the tumuli of its Teutonic colonists; in magnificent specimens of the devotional art of mediævalism; in the rare old halls and homesteads, Leeds Castle, Rochester, and Dover; Hever, the

seat of the Boleyns, who gave a queen to England, and a victim to Henry VIII.; Cobham, with its traces of the genius of Inigo Jones; Eltham, and its memories of Good Queen Bess; Penshurst, where the chivalric Sidney dreamed of Arcadian loveliness and purity, and Saccharissa read the love-verse of Edmund Waller; Knole, the splendid seat of the splendid Sackvilles, of

"Dorset, the grace of courts, the muse's pride:"

Kent, that mother of brave men, whose children claimed the fore-rank on the day of battle,—*"Ob egregie virtutis meritum, quod potenter et patenter exercuit, Cantia nostra primæ cohortis honorem, et primos congressus hostium, usque in hodiernum diem in omnibus preliis obtinet."*—well merits all the loving illustration which her historians have lavished upon her annals. Of no lack of materials can the topographer complain. There is scarce a rood of ground whereon a structure, more or less sound and durable, has not been erected by some zealous antiquary. With this plentiful supply, the author of the "Handbook" has dealt judiciously, and his pages present a surprising number of really interesting details.

As a specimen of the skill with which the process of condensation has been carried out, we quote the few lines devoted to that "natural commodity" of Kent, cherries:

"It is probable that one species of the cherry (*Prunus avium*) was indigenous in this country, although varieties of the *P. cerasus*, a native of the forests on the southern slopes of the Caucasus, may have been introduced by the Romans at an early period. The cherry was, at all events, one of the fruits cultivated in Kent throughout the middle ages, although the extent of cultivation had much diminished, and the quality of the fruit much deteriorated, when Richard Hareys, fruiterer to Henry VIII., introduced fresh grafts and varieties from Flanders, and planted about 105 acres at Teynham, near Faversham, from which cherry-orchard much of Kent was afterwards supplied. 'I have read,' says Fuller, 'that one of the orchards of this primitive plantation, consisting but of thirty acres, produced fruit of one year sold for 1000*l.* . . . No English fruit is dearer than these at first, cheaper at last, pleasanter at all times; nor is it less wholesome than delicious. And it is much that, of so many feeding so freely on them, so few are found to surfeit.' Accidents do occur, however, as in the unhappy case recorded on a tombstone in Plumstead churchyard:

'Weep not for me, my parents dear;  
There is no witness wanted here.  
The hammer of death was given to me,  
For eating the cherries off the tree.'

According to Busino, Venetian ambassador in the reign of James I., it was a favourite amusement in the Kentish gardens to try who could eat most cherries. In this way, one young woman managed to dispose of 20*lbs.*, beating her opponent by 2*½**lbs.* A severe illness was the not unnatural result—indeed, the 'hammer of death' might have reasonably been expected. . . . Busino finds fault with the English cherries, which are, however, praised by Fynes Morison. The varieties now grown in Kent probably exceed in number and in flavour any to be met with elsewhere. The chief orchards are in the parishes on the borders of the Thames, the Darent, and the Medway; and in early spring, when:

'Sweet is the air with the budding haws; and the valley stretching for miles below  
Is white with blooming cherry-trees, as if just covered with lightest snow,

the beauty of the scene recalls, though it can hardly rival, that of the apple-orchards of Devonshire."

This, at least, is agreeable writing. The accounts of Cobham, Knole, Penshurst, and Dover, are equally noticeable for their

\* Fuller's authority was Hartlib's "Legacy."

fullness and variety. In speaking of Penshurst, however, the editor should have noticed that the great and good Duke of Bedford, Regent of England and France during the early years of Henry VI., resided there; and the estate did not pass from the Sidneys to "the Perrys" but "the Parrys," whose daughter married a Sir Bysshe Shelley. We may add that, throughout the book the orthography of proper names requires correction. The author of "the Adventurer," buried at Bromley, was Hawkesworth, not Hawksworth; the great Norman noble is best known as De Warrenne, not Warren; and it would be as well to preserve the old form of the name of Penshurst's early owners, Pencestre, instead of Pencester.

The portion of the book devoted to Sussex is not less interesting. The pages appropriated to Arundel, Hastings, Chichester, and Lewes, for instance, are admirable specimens of clear and copious descriptive writing. The author very properly dwells at considerable length on the famous battle of Lewes, which terminated the Barons' War, and, generally, on the annals of that ancient city, which is scarcely second to any in England for the interest and importance of its historical associations. Lewes was originally a Celtic settlement, and afterwards became one of the principal Roman stations in the south of England, and was, we are inclined to think, the Mutuantonis of Ravenna. It had "two mints during the reign of Athelstane," while Chichester and Hastings had but one each. It grew rapidly, for in Edward the Confessor's time, the royal revenue derived from the tolls, &c., in Lewes, was 6*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.*, and he had one hundred and twenty-seven vassals. Our author might have pointed out some of the singular customs prevalent in the borough about this time; how the seller of a horse within the town paid one penny to the mayor, and the purchaser paid another; how a murderer forfeited seven shillings and fourpence, an adulterer eight shillings and fourpence; how a runagate, if recovered, also paid eight shillings and fourpence; how, when a new coinage was coined, the master of the mint paid twenty shillings. Lewes was one of the demesnes of Earl Godwin, and his son the heroic Harold, and fell, with many another fat manor, into the hands of William de Warrenne, after the fatal fight of Hastings.

The Handbook gives us (p. 271) the curious inscription, still decipherable, on the tomb of Gundrada, Earl de Warrenne's wife, but omits to render a translation. The epitaph is so singular that it is worth recording in these columns, together with the version of it made by the late Dr. Mantell:—

"Stirps Gundrada ducum, decus evi, nobile germen:  
Intulit ecclesiis Anglorum balsamum morum.  
Martir  
Martha fuit miseris; fuit ex pietate Maria.  
Pars obit Marthe; superest pars magna Marie.  
O pie Pancrati testis pietatis, et equi.  
Te facit heredem tu clemens escipe Matrem.  
Sexta Kalendarum Junii lux obvia carnis.  
Infregit alabastrum . . . . .

Imitated by Dr. Mantell.

"Gundrad, illustrious branch of ducal race,  
Through England's Church diffused the purest grace;  
As Mary pious, and as Martha kind,  
In her were faith and charity combined.  
Though death the part of Martha now receives,  
Her Mary's better part for ever lives.  
Oh, holy Pancras! of her worth the heir,  
In mercy hear the gentle mother's prayer.  
On June's sixth kalend, nature's struggle came,  
And chill'd the life-blood in her tender frame;  
Her spirit burst its marble shrine, and gave  
The fragrance of her virtues to the grave."

"The words 'testis pietatis, et equi' refer



to the legend of St. Pancras, at whose tomb all false swearers were either possessed by evil spirits or fell dead on the pavement." It has been pointed out, with more ingenuity than probability, that the phrases "balsama morum" and "infregit alabastrum" may allude to the alabaster box of precious ointment with which Mary anointed the feet of our Saviour.

There is an excellent notice of Hurstmonceaux, in whose churchyard sleep the brothers Hare. Archdeacon Hare was its rector, and his first curate was John Sterling. In the churchyard there is a remarkable yew, 22 feet 6 inches in girth at four feet from the ground.

There is a curious mistake in the brief notice of New Shoreham, with respect to the Captain Tattersall through whose energy and fidelity Charles II. escaped to France in 1651: "After the Restoration," says the Handbook, "the vessel in which he crossed was brought by Captain Tattersall into the Thames, where it lay some months at anchor before Whitehall, to renew the memory of the happy service it had performed." How far Captain Tattersall succeeded in renewing the king's very slippery memory does not appear. On the contrary, it is well known that an annuity of 100*l.* was granted to the loyal captain and his heirs for ever, and was punctually paid for many years.

But we are exceeding our limits. We have yet to examine the companion volume, which treats of Hampshire, Surrey, and the Isle of Wight. For the present we must conclude with a brief but emphatic recommendation of the "Handbook to Kent and Surrey," as fully maintaining the high character of Mr. Murray's valuable series.

*Sermons.* By the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew, S.C.L. Vol. III. (T. & W. Boone.)

"THERE were giants in those days," is the regulation cry set up by all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects that have a past. The exclamation is, in nine cases out of ten, sheer nonsense. But if there be one subject in relation to which it is fairly and honestly *à propos*, it is preaching. On what sort of days have we fallen in this matter? Every branch of science and knowledge is expanding daily; every acquirement and every art is stamped with unmistakable signs of progress; but the art of preaching, the power of enchaining men's hearts in such sort as to move them by an irresistible force to carry out in action the teaching they hear with their ears,—this, so far from progressing, seems to be absolutely retrograding. The fact is incontestable, and, as far as we know, uncontested. Those who generally take upon themselves to champion the clergy are rather busied in speculating on the secret causes of the decay, than in questioning, much less denying, its existence. We are far from losing sight of the fact that here and there, very sparsely indeed, are to be found men of brilliant talents and great eloquence, on whose lips crowds hang admiring and for the time enchanted; but for the large mass of preaching men—and we except neither churchman nor dissenter, Protestant nor Roman Catholic—can it be denied that a feeble mediocrity is the staple of their discourses, relieved or rather disfigured occasionally by some frothy platitude or acrimonious controversial attack. This is not the place to discuss the cause of this lamentable state of things, though we are bold enough to think we could suggest some clue to

it. To the giants of the elder days, as well as to those of times nearer our own, the set essay, cut and dried according to rule, was a thing unknown and undreamt of. The very last idea that would ever have entered their minds was that of making a sermon the means of displaying their own learning or oratory to their hearers; they felt that there was work, hard work, to be done by preaching, and that it was to be done not by dazzling the minds, but by reaching the hearts of those they addressed, and they concentrated their energies accordingly on the work rather than on the manner of doing it. The giants did not "preach sermons," they set about persuading and constraining men by earnest affectionate talking to them. Men did not go to "hear sermons," but to be taught what they ought to do; and there is consequently nothing which more startles the modern student of history, than the unaccountable contrast between the simple unassuming style of these ancient sermons—to judge by such of them as have been preserved—and the magnificent effects which followed. We are far from wishing to decry whatever effects may fairly be attributed to modern sermons, though we honestly think that beyond a temporary admiration—it seems a hard thing to say too—very little really does result from the vast majority of them, and that actual improvement in any parish or congregation is far more due to other and less noisy influences; nor do we wish to shut our eyes to the fact, that apparently handsome sums occasionally figure in the lists of religious societies as "collected after a sermon" by some clerical favourite. But allowing all this, and allowing moreover that the really magnificent pecuniary sacrifices preached out of the pockets of the men of old, bearing about the same relative proportion to the contributions of our time as the Great Eastern does to a steam-tug, were extorted with the assistance of other and concurrent influences; where, in these days, shall we hear of the nobility crowding the house of the preacher after his sermon to remonstrate with him on the severity with which he had denounced their little enjoyments, as the great folks of Eudoxia's rather lax Court did when Chrysostom came among them first, and startled them with the plain outspoken remark, that all their punctuality in attending religious services was nothing, unless it was a means to arrive at real purity of life? Or where, to take but one other instance out of scores, shall we now witness such a scene as that in the church of St. Geneviève in Paris, in 1429, when, as the denunciations of the stout Cordelier rung day after day over the heads of thousands of auditors, the gambling implements of the men and the head-dresses of the ladies were seen flying by scores into a hundred fires extemporised for the occasion?

This is hardly the place, we have said, to enter into speculations upon the secret of the modern contrast of which we are complaining. No doubt the intense and increasing reality of the age has much to do with it; the utter refusal of men of all sorts to have their feelings worked upon, and the suspicion with which they regard those who attempt that task; the consequent anxiety of preaching men to appeal to the reasoning faculties only, and their reluctance to make use of anything which their hearers may, by the remotest approximation to truth, stigmatise as "humbug" or "claptrap"; as well as the frightful

experiences we have now for some years had of the code of morals erected for themselves by some who have been foremost in religious ranks, and have had the benefit of the most approved system of preaching. These questions it is not our province to investigate. But of these old giants—and among them we should class several of the old Puritan and a very few of the Carolian divines (Bishop Andrews foremost among the latter), as well as many of the great leaders of the evangelical and dissenting movement referable to the close of the last and beginning of the present century—we will only remark in passing that to an ordinarily attentive reader of the greatest of their sermons which have come down to us, three characteristics readily present themselves. They are, first, an utter absence of rhetorical flourish and of everything which could induce a suspicion that the preacher was "showing off" his own knowledge or talents for the admiration of his hearers; next, an absorbing earnestness, forgetful of everything but the one point obviously aimed at from first to last; and, thirdly, a relentless mode of attacking whatever in the age or the auditory appeared to be that particular crying thing which in the unimpassioned and fearless light of history we can now see was most surely gnawing at the root of real goodness, and so most loudly calling for exposure and reproof.

It is because we seem to discover in the very popular clergyman whose last issue of sermons we have now under consideration much of the true old leaven of the giants of old, that we hail with gratification the appearance of a third volume of his discourses. No doubt there is much that is brilliant and attractive in them; great power of descriptive writing—the Sunset on Hermon and the Roman Amphitheatre (pp. 9 and 337, *et seq.*) among the best; an easy and effortless, but very impressive flow of language; judicious use of metaphor, antithesis, and other legitimate ornaments; but the ornament and the picture-writing are both subordinated to the obvious inner purpose. Yet neither the one nor the other commend this gentleman's productions to our mind so thoroughly as their straightforward earnest tone, their shrinking from mere display, and, above all, their honest cutting into and exposure of the really diseased parts of society, regardless of whom or what the relentless scalpel may reveal as the secret of the disorder.

We want more men like Mr. Bellew. Dreary, highly correct essays, with "obvious division of subject, prefatory remarks, firstly, secondly, thirdly, and to conclude," we are sick to death of; frothy, wrathful, intolerant invectives against folks who hold different views with ourselves are an abomination; acute, scholastic perquisitions into Greek roots are already, as we think, consigned to the care of Dr. Dryasdust; and mountebank gyrations only produce a short-lived stare, prolonged a few moments by its own wonder at being produced at all. Earnest, striking, fearless appeals to the truth and common sense and common feeling, which lie more or less hid somewhere, deep enough sometimes, in every Christian man, if the true magic wand can but be found to touch them into life; these, with affectionate friendly counsels and straightforward uncompromising denunciations of prevalent faults and follies, are—if not the want—certainly among the wants of our day. That want is, in his sphere, supplied by Mr. Bellew; and this volume is a proof of it.



*Diary of a Journey from the Mississippi to the Coasts of the Pacific, with a United States Expedition.* By Baldwin Möllhausen. With an Introduction by Alexander von Humboldt. Translated by Mrs. Percy Sinnet. Two Volumes. (Longmans.)

"DIED of the visitation of God, or some other dreadful malady," was the verdict of a coroner's jury on a very bad case of apoplexy. This finding, which would be irreverent were it not simply absurd, gives an insight into the perplexities of people who have to judge a point which baffles their comprehension; who see the effect, but cannot name the cause. Such is our position with "Möllhausen's Journey to the Pacific." High praise is due to some person or persons unknown. We would bestow that praise, were we but certain at whose door it ought to be laid. The book was written by Herr Möllhausen, a Prussian gentleman, who accompanied a United States Expedition, sent out to explore the line of the Pacific Railway. It is a German's narrative of a very long, a very fatiguing, and a very interesting journey. Yet it is a good book; one full of matter and incident, and of short and vivid descriptions. There are in it no cumbersome phrases, metaphysical plunges, or scientific barbarities, though the book was written by Herr Möllhausen, a man of German tongue, and of the Prussian nation. Can a German write a readable book? Can good come from Nazareth? But the original text has been translated by Mrs. Percy Sinnet, and the probability is, that to her refining, and condensing, and cutting out, Herr Möllhausen stands indebted for a great portion of the popularity which his work will obtain in the reading world of England and America. Unless we over-estimate Mrs. Sinnet's share in Herr Möllhausen's labours—if to her eliminating pen and pruning scissors the author is really beholden for the *negative* virtues of his tale of travels—then the "Journey to the Pacific" takes rank among the best translations in our language, and Mrs. Percy Sinnet is topping the height of that hitherto peerless translator, Lady Duff Gordon.

In this joint production—for such we consider the English edition of the Journey—Mrs. Sinnet can claim at best but negative virtues: the positive excellences are all Herr Möllhausen's own. The lady translator could polish off the author's phrases, lace in their redundancies, let tucks into the dragging dialogues, and extirpate all metaphysical sentimentality. But she could not add to the book. The adventures on land and water; the march through the forest; the bivouac in the prairie; the boating on the Colorado; the whole of that life-like picture of many months' wanderings through an almost untrodden wilderness, are so many leaves from the book of Herr Möllhausen's life. He has filled them with the sweat of his brow, and he is fairly and fully entitled to all the credit that is due for them.

The expedition, to which Herr Möllhausen was attached, as topographer and draughtsman, started in 1853 from the junction of the Arkansas with the Mississippi, and proceeded along the 35th parallel N. L., through the domain of the Mississippi, the Rio Grande, and the Colorado, to San Francisco. The various members of the expedition met at Fort Smith, on the right bank of the Arkansas, where the river passes from the territory of the United States,

and enters that of the Indians. On the appointed day, there were assembled in Fort Smith, and afterwards went forth to practise camp-life in the forests which close in upon that settlement, a motley crew of geologists, surgeons, botanists, astronomers, and draughtsmen, with their baggage-wagons, provisions, instruments, and utensils of various descriptions. But as yet the little army was far from complete. Labourers and mules, the Army Works Corps, and the Military Train, were still wanting. The labourers had to be hired; the mules to be bought, caught, and broken in. In the case of either, the raw material supplied by the backwoods' clearings was of a very peculiar, if not objectionable description:

"One day there lay at a little distance from the tents two men stretched out beneath a sassafras bush, who were carrying on a very animated conversation. The peculiar cut of their features, their dark skins, their lank hair falling on their shoulders, and their expressive gestures, would have stamped them as Indians, had not their thick rough beards afforded them some apparent claim to an European descent. They were very carelessly dressed in garments of rough, red flannel, confined by a broad leathern girdle, which served at the same time to hold their knives and pistols, which their owners evidently took great pains to preserve from rust. They had just made one another's acquaintance. 'My name's Bill,' said one of them, a gloomy-looking man, with a deep scar on his forehead, of low stature and very thick set head, to judge from the breadth of his shoulders, a man of gigantic strength: 'My name's Bill, but they mostly call me Bill Spaniard, because my father came from Spain, over the great water. My mother was a Cherokee woman, and I am, as far as I know, her only son. I grew up in the wigwags of the Cherokees, and I managed, when I was quite young, to earn enough among the whites to buy myself a pair of pistols, and powder and ball. At first I used to amuse myself with the sound of them, but afterwards I thought it better fun to shoot the cattle belonging to the pale faces, and bring home the tongues and as much meat as I could carry to my people. The settlers used to call me a thief, but I did not think so. I'm half an Indian, and have always been among Indians. I've stolen many a horse, and been proud of it, but I never took anything from my friends and brothers.'"

The even tenor of this man's life was ruffled by a small difficulty. He had an enemy who sought his life. That enemy he met in a lonely place, and—"I hit him with one of them little pistols just between the eyes." There is law, even in the backwoods. Bill was accused of murder, sent to jail and kept there for six years, at the end of which time his accuser died, and Bill Spaniard was again a free man. But the iron had entered his soul. He hated the country and all the people in it, and made up his mind to go to California and get rich. The other man's story is shorter:

"'Bill,' said his companion, 'you must mind and keep out of harm's way. I'm going to California, too, along with this party. I ain't comfortable here. They say I've stabbed a white man and a Choctaw Indian, and I don't like such talk.'"

"'You're a great villain, you are,' said Bill, 'and they'll hang you yet.'"

As for the mules, they are enlisted with the lasso and drilled with the whip. The first present they receive at the hands of civilisation is that of shoes, and this is the way they are put on:

"The lasso is tight round his neck, and the more he struggles the tighter it becomes, until the creature, half-choked, admits the cogent reasoning of his antagonist, and allows himself to

be drawn under a sort of scaffolding, with four upright posts, between which he has just room to stand. The animal is then lifted by means of a cleverly contrived tackle; his legs are attached by leathern thongs to the four posts, and before he can look round or guess what is going to be done, four smiths, standing ready with iron and tongs, have completed a work which, even with a quiet horse, takes ten times as long. As soon as the shoes are on, the frightened creature is handed over to the waggon driver; the exhortations to obedience are repeated, with illustrative remarks with the whip and the lasso; the well-broken mules with which the novice is harnessed set him a good example, and his fits of rage become less frequent, until, in a relatively short time, the new mule is declared fit for service."

We need not follow the progress of the expedition to the country occupied by what remains of the great Delaware nation. Enough that they reached that country, and held converse with the famous chief Black Beaver, "a clever-looking man of middle size, whose long black hair framed in a face which had a melancholy expression of sickness and sorrow, though more than forty winters could not have passed over it." This chief, who spoke English, French, and Spanish, and about eight Indian languages, was vainly solicited to accompany the adventurers and be their guide to the Pacific.

According to the Delaware chief a guide was a superfluous luxury, for none would be needed in a land flowing over with milk and honey. Buffaloes, indeed, were not to be relied upon, as the heat had driven them too far north. But turkeys and white-tailed deer are to be found by every good water and at the edge of every wood, and the deer are easily decoyed if the hunter imitates the cry of the fawn. The only drawback to this sport is that that peculiar cry of the fawn in distress will sometimes attract panthers and jaguars, which come out swiftly, silently, in long leaps; and when they do come it is absolutely necessary to lay them dead with the first shot. It is one of their peculiarities, that they never give you a chance of firing again. Antelopes, too, are swift and shy, but curiosity is their ruin, and a hunter who speculates on this weakness can rely on a good bag. There is also the black bear, a ludicrous sort of customer, who ought to be wounded to come out strong. He will then show pluck and do the mock heroic, and the exercise of dodging him sharpens the hunter's appetite, and when dinner time comes, a bullet ought to be put into a certain spot on the bear's breast, where the hair grows in a sort of round. If that bullet is well put in, "he will go down like a Pawnee tent when you have cut the props." As for the grisly bear of the gold mountains of New Mexico, a man should think twice before he interferes with him. He is swifter than the horse, and when he is angry he loses his venerable appearance. He lays his ears back, and "you see nothing but teeth and glaring eyeballs." Such in substance was the information, and such the advice which the old campaigner gave his young friends. They, on the very first night after they left him, narrowly escaped destruction from the burning of the prairie. Herr Möllhausen's description of the fiery tide rushing across the plains is decidedly the best it has ever been our good fortune to read. It is shorter and more striking than the one in Maryat's "Violet," and it includes a phenomenon which, though familiar to all men who ever witnessed a prairie burning, is usually overlooked or forgotten by the narrators of such scenes. We allude to a pecu-

liar, disquieting sound, which is not thundering, or rushing, or roaring, but "something like the distant hollow trembling of the ground when thousands of buffaloes are tearing and trampling over it with their heavy feet."

It is of no use concealing the fact that the record of the doings of the expedition to which Herr Möllhausen belonged, form the least interesting and the least valuable portion of his work. Its chief charm will be found in the stories of hunters and trappers; in the accounts of hairbreadth escapes in fights with wild animals and Indians; and in the numerous anecdotes and adventures which, to use a lady's term, are embroidered on the plain ground of his semi-official narrative. Herr Möllhausen, we learn from an introductory preface from the pen of the great Alexander von Humboldt, had, before he joined the expedition to the Pacific, served his apprenticeship in prairie life and Indian warfare. The son of an artillery officer, he, at the age of four-and-twenty, left the service and his country, and proceeded to the western parts of the United States. He was independent and alone, but irresistibly urged onwards by a thirst for the aspect of wild, free nature, and vast untrodden regions. He joined an expedition under Duke Paul William of Württemberg, which proceeded as far as Fort Laramie on the Flat, or Nebraska, River, where it was stopped by the impracticable nature of the ground, by disease, the attacks of the natives, and the foundering of the bat horses. Here Möllhausen joined a band of Ottoo Indians, who, passing that way, provided him with a horse. He next turned northwards to Bellevue, the dépôt of a fur company, and then passed three months among the Omahas. The adventures of his first journey, in which he touched a portion of the ground travelled over by the United States Expedition, of which he was a member on this his second exploring trip, are worked into his narrative in a most able and pleasing manner. Indian life and Indian manners and customs have so powerful a charm for him, and he tells his tale with so much truth, simplicity, and earnestness, that even hardened readers must warm with the fervour of his enthusiasm. Among the most interesting portions of these adventures is the tale of his winter quarters on the plains of Nebraska, which gradually and almost insensibly glides over into an account of the Ottoo Indians.

Late in the Autumn of 1851, Herr Möllhausen, with only one companion, crossed the Rocky Mountains, on the way to the Missouri. On the Nebraska they were teased and robbed by the Indians; one of their horses was killed; the remainder of the animals broke down under their burden; and when the two travellers reached "Sandy Hill Creek, where it falls into the Big Blue," they were overtaken by a snow-storm. One by one their horses gave in and died. In this plight they were met by a mail-cart, which it appears runs from Fort Kearney to the Nebraska River. The driver offered to take one of the travellers to a Mission about one hundred miles from Sandy Hill Creek, from whence he might send horses for the man who remained behind to watch the goods, furs, and such like merchandise, the joint property of the two adventurers. The proposal was accepted: lots were drawn, Herr Möllhausen lost, and was doomed to a weary watch

in Nebraska plains. He had a small tent, some tea and coffee, Indian corn, and bad buffalo meat. With this protection and these comforts he was to pass a fortnight or three weeks in solitary confinement in a howling wilderness, where snow-storms turned day into night, and where the nights were hopelessly long, dark, and noisy, for large packs of wolves dismally howling surrounded the tent after nightfall. By the dim flickering of his fire, nourished with driftwood from the river, Herr Möllhausen could see their white teeth piercing the tent-leather, as the oldest and boldest of the pack sought to force their way in. On these occasions he fired his pistols, and it was well for him that he had a good store of guns and ammunition, for by killing a wolf now and then, he managed to feed the rest, and prevent a general *razzia*, to which the fury of hunger would otherwise have driven these unlovable and cowardly animals. He was visited by a party of Delawares, who urged him to leave his goods to the Indians and the wolves, and accompany them to their wigwams on the Missouri. "The wolves," said the chief, "will draw nearer and nearer, and will leave you no rest day or night, and if the wandering Pawnees find you out they will plunder you and scalp you as well." Cogent reasons these! But Herr Möllhausen's habits of military discipline were strong within him. He stood sentry, not over his own goods only, but also over those of his friend. So the Indians rode off, after presenting the lonely watcher with a leg of antelope, to keep him in good cheer.

Time passed. The watcher got lame, stiff and weak, and sought refuge in the bottle—of laudanum, which formed part of his small medicine chest. On the sixteenth day he had a providential desire to take a walk. He tottered out with his rifle, and from the top of a hill descried two dark human forms moving swiftly over the white ground. None but Pawnees could come from that direction, and for the reception of these Pawnees he made judicious preparations. He swept his hearth, kindled a large fire, stuck pistols in his belt, hid his other weapons, went down to the river, doubling on his track, walked bare-footed over the ice, and lay in ambush close to the bank, between two snowdrifts. At length the two figures loomed out from the top of the nearest hill, from whence they could see the tent. They threw back their buffalo skins, drew their quivers round and strung their bows. What follows is best told in Herr Möllhausen's own words:

"I could not let them escape, for if I had, I should to a certainty have had them back again with a troop of their companions. The two Indians soon separated. One proceeded to the hill whence I had first caught sight of them and began to examine the track I had made, which went straight to the tent, while the other with his eyes fixed on the ground, made a circuit round it. He examined with great care the track to the water, but appeared satisfied when he had convinced himself that the lone line of footsteps lay to and the other from the ice. He then noiselessly approached his comrade, who with his bow in his left hand, and his arrow in his right, was standing before the opening in the tent. No word passed between them, but the last comer raised his finger and put his right hand on his cheek and his head a little on one side. He then made the motion of shooting. Had I been in the tent nothing could have saved me. I understood their gestures too well. Here lives a man, he is lying by the fire asleep, a few arrows will secure his booty. They now placed them-

selves so that their arrows, shot in quick succession, should meet at a right angle at the sleeping place. The blood stood still in my veins, though I could hear my heart beat as I saw them shoot four or five arrows, one after the other, into the tent."

A double shot from our hero's rifle, and one of the Indians lay dead, the other severely wounded. Him he pitied, and sought to save:

"I bent over him, and endeavoured to make him understand, by signs and simple words, that I would drag him into my tent and take care of him, if I could thereby gain his good-will. At last he made out what I meant, and a wild gleam of joy lighted up his face as he signified his assent by the Indian exclamation, 'Hau! Hau!' I was hastening into my tent to prepare for his reception, but his loud groans called me back. He made a sign to me to come nearer, and with a finger of his left hand he pointed to his right, which was bent in an inconvenient position under his back. I knelt down beside him, but I had scarcely touched his arm, when the right hand, armed with a knife, flashed like lightning from beneath his body, and seizing me with his left, he stabbed twice at my breast. The blows were well aimed, but feebly executed. I parried both with my right arm, and seizing my knife with my other hand I plunged it several times into the breast of the revengeful savage. A stream of blood gushed from his mouth—there was a slight rattling sound in his throat—he stretched himself out—and I was again alone—alone in the wide-wintery waste—alone with the dead!"

That night the wolves had a splendid feast. And again day followed day in dreary, hopeless sameness, until one morning Herr Möllhausen was roused by the Indian salutation of "*Au-tarro-hau*," followed by words that sounded like sweetest music in his ear,—by English words, "You are in a bad case here, friend," said a voice, which voice was followed by a body, not that of a white beaver hunter or travelling Mormon, but the dirty figure of a wild-looking Indian, pushing a five-foot rifle before him. The new comer was a half-breed of the Ottoo tribe, who offered to take our hero to the wigwams of his people on the Missouri. He belonged to a foraging party, and their halting place was close by. "Our beasts are laden with meat, but there will be a little room for your things; our women will sew mocassins for your feet, so that you need not leave a bloody trail behind you." In a word, no one could be more friendly than Louis Farfar, whose father was white, but whose mother was red, and who "liked best to be an Indian." The Ottoo warriors who accompanied the half-breed came up, and brought in "a fresh bleeding quarter of a deer," Farfar hunting up a vessel containing tallow for cart-grease, poured it into the pan to improve the flavour of the venison; and Herr Möllhausen, after his lean dinners on dried buffalo and wolf's flesh, thought he had never tasted anything more savoury. That afternoon his tents and goods were carried off, and he himself introduced into the tents of the Ottos, where he dined with the chief's family, and unwittingly insulted his host, by pushing back his platter before it was half emptied of the mountains of meat heaped upon it. Let us listen to Louis Farfar's expoundings of Indian customs:

"You are enjoying the hospitalities of the Ottos, and you would do well to adopt their customs and manners, at least as long as you remain with them. When you come into the tent of the Indians the first thing they offer you is the pipe, and the second is victuals, and the more friendly they are, the bigger portion they will give you. Wakitamom loves you because you are a stout



hunter and warrior, and so he gave you a respectful portion. You will presently get just such another from Woneshee, and it is your duty to acknowledge the kindness by eating up the whole mess. You have offended Wakitamonn, for you left more than the half of what he gave you. You must do better in future, and show that you know our customs."

But is a man to poison himself with meat merely to show his good breeding? What if he were accounted the greatest of living men, and served with half an ox roasted whole for his private eating? There are mysteries of etiquette in the customs of all nations; the initiated fare well, while your outsider labours hard to no purpose. Should any of our readers become the honoured guests of an Indian family, they had better remember the advice which, prompted by Louis Farfar, we are enabled to give them. They must empty their platters into a buffalo skin, take the dinner home with them, and sup on it.

A council was held, in which it was resolved to give Herr Möllhausen three days to eat, rest, and recruit his strength; at the end of which time, to ensure his safety on the journey, he must be made an Ottoo. "Let us shave off his yellow hair, and dye the scalp with black, and rub vermilion into his face. He will then be an Ottoo, and take an Ottoo squaw for a wife." The proposal, though flattering, was not pleasant. Its immediate execution was evaded by the ready ingenuity of Louis Farfar, who declared the white man had had a dream presaging evil to the Ottoes if they shaved his head. As for the squaw, Mr. Farfar asserted that his friend would prefer marrying the two daughters of Wakitamonn rather than one, but that he wished to pay handsomely for the young ladies. The happy day must be put off until the white chief had shot thirty buffaloes for his brides. He must also steal six horses; two for himself, two for his wives, and two to give to Wakitamonn in exchange for his daughters. So deeply impressed were the Indians with the noble conscientiousness shown by Herr Möllhausen on this delicate occasion, that the Ottoo chief chivalrously offered to give him the girls on trust, an offer which, we need hardly say, was not accepted.

A grand religious festival was held on the day before the march. These festivals are also feasts, and Herr Möllhausen, knowing that on so important an occasion extraordinary performances in the way of eating were expected, had fasted all day to get up an appetite for the evening. The fire was bright and large; a huge kettle hung over it. Where was the meat?

"Tied up near the fire, and blinking at it with sleepy eye, was a great shaggy wolfdog, the same which had frequently annoyed me by lying upon me all night. I concluded that the Indians had tied him up out of politeness, that I might not be troubled with him during these solemn ceremonies. I little foresaw the tragic fate that was prepared for the poor beast, or dreamed of his connection with our gastronomic arrangements. As soon as Wakitamonn had skillfully touched up the drawing of yellow lines which adorned my face, the ceremonies began. The Indian drum, a hollowed-out block of wood with a piece of buffalo skin drawn tightly over it, was first beaten in slow measure by two of the young men, and this drowsy monotonous music was soon accompanied by a wild, ear and nerve-piercing song, performed by the full musical strength of the company. It was almost more than mortal man could bear without flinching. 'Kero! Kero! Kero!' bellowed Wakitamonn in response, and whirling his tomahawk round his head he sent it whistling down on the

head of the poor sleeping dog, and split its skull open. The song then ceased, and in a few minutes the dog was skinned and cut up, and deposited piecemeal, along with some beavers' tails, in the boiling pot.

"My poor troublesome companion," thought I, "was it to devour you that I have been so carefully getting up an appetite?"

"Well-cooked dog," says Herr Möllhausen, "is equal to any mutton." We leave him to enjoy his supper.

*The Scouring of the White Horse; or, The Long Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk.*  
By the author of "Tom Brown's School Days." Illustrated by Richard Doyle.  
(Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.)

It cannot have failed to strike persons conversant with the second-rate periodical literature of the present day, or with the class of people by whom and for whom it is mostly written, that our modern facilities in travelling have, after all, done very little towards effecting a closer acquaintanceship between town and country. There are still large masses of our educated town population to whom an English country gentleman, or an English farmer, are beings as little understood as a Chinese Mandarin, or the Lama of Thibet. What they do know of them has been gleaned from the columns of the *Times* and the stage of the Adelphi, and usually amounts to this: that the squire is a tyrant in top-boots, and his tenant a toady in leather gaiters; that the first wears a blue coat, and the second a green one; that both are equally illiterate, selfish, and narrow-minded; and that, if the whole tribe could be drowned in their own beer-barrels to-morrow, and their estates devoted to the maintenance of Mechanics' Institutes, we should all be gainers by the process. If any of our readers doubt the correctness of these views, he has only to spend a few months in dining about at the taverns frequented by these philosophers, in visiting their favourite theatres, taking in their favourite magazines, and listening to their celebrated orators. His scepticism we can assure him will rapidly disappear: and he will confess that he has perhaps been living all his life alongside one great layer of British population without penetrating even skin deep into their current beliefs, and habitual modes of thought. On the other hand, the opinion entertained by a very large though perhaps diminishing class of provincials relative to the habits and character of genuine Londoners, is little less wide of the truth. Indeed, if we refer to the literary class of Londoners, we should say it is, if possible, more so. And we could, if this were the right occasion for doing so, regale our readers with some choice stories of a country gentleman's ideas on the subject, for instance, of conducting a newspaper. The truth is that although the fields, and woods, and villages of this island are thrown open to the London tourist, the very fact of their being so induces the inhabitants to retire within their shells more hurriedly than they were wont, at the appearance of a stranger; and owing to a dislike of intrusion, to withdraw themselves from many of those gatherings where formerly they were seen to the greatest advantage, while cockneys were yet objects of curiosity rather than of fear. However, as of the two the townsman's ignorance of rural life is more injurious to the public good than the rustic's ignorance of town, inasmuch as the Londoner wields the power of the press, and for one

country-bred writer a hundred contemporary Junios are pointing their daily and weekly sarcasms at unpaid magistrates, quarter sessions law, field sports, and all else that goes to constitute our political independence and personal manliness, we are heartily glad to welcome from so able a hand as the author of "Tom Brown" a pleasant and genial exposure of some of these fallacies.

The London clerk, whose name is Richard—"he seeks no other" or at least doesn't tell it us—is to have his holiday from the 15th to the 29th of September, 1857. He invites a couple of his friends to supper, to afford him the benefit of their advice as to where he is to go; but before anything is decided, he receives an invitation from an old schoolfellow, now settled as a farmer in the vale of White Horse, to come down and attend "the Scouring," a country festival of no small antiquity and importance.

Richard, who reminds one a little of Titmarsh in the "Great Hoggarty Diamond," determines to accept the invitation; and the morning of September the 15th finds him en route for the Farringdon Station. Many of our readers we are sure will recognise with pleasure the following description of the road:

"How I did enjoy the pretty hill with the church at top and the stream at the bottom by Hanwell, and the great old trees about half a mile off on the right before you get to Slough, and the view of Windsor Castle, and crossing the Thames at Maidenhead, with its splendid weeping willows, and the old Bath-road bridge, and the reach beyond with the woods coming down to the bank, and the great lords' houses up above. And then all the corn-fields, though by this time most of them were only stubble, and Reading town, and the great lasher at Pangbourn, where the water was rushing and dancing through in the sunlight to welcome me into Berkshire; and the great stretches of open land about Wallingford Road and Didcot. And after that came great green pasture fields, and orchards, and grey-stone farm-houses, and before I could turn round we were at Farringdon Road station, and it was a quarter past eleven.

"There I found Joe waiting for me, with his trap, as he called it, at the door, and the inn ostler standing by the head of the horse, which was a bright chestnut and looked very fine. I own I very much enjoyed going off in that dark-green high-wheeled carriage.

"In with you, Dick," cried out Joe, as he took hold of the reins, and patted the horse on the neck. "There, shoot your bag in behind; look alive, she don't stand well. That'll do," he shouted to the ostler, who jumped back and touched his hat just as if Joe owned half the parish. If the horse couldn't stand well, at any rate she could step out, and away we whirled down the white road; Joe red in the face with holding on, his feet well out to the splash-board, his chest thrown forward and his elbows down at his side, hauling the chestnut's head right back, till her nose nearly touched the collar. But for all that, away went her legs right straight out in front, shooting along so fast that I began to feel queer, not being used to horses, and took tight hold of the seat with my left hand, so that Joe shouldn't see; for the cart jumped sometimes enough to pitch you out.

"After a bit, the pace got quite steady, and then I began to enjoy myself, and could look at the famous rich fields, and the high hedges full of great heavy masses of clematis, and sniff up all the country smells, as we whirled along, and listen to Joe, who was going grinding on about 'how badly the parish roads were kept up; and that he had set his mind to have them well mended with flints instead of chalk, and to have all the thistles at the side kept down, which were sowing the whole country round, because their vestry was so stingy they wouldn't put any men on the road to



set it right," and I could see that Joe was in the middle of a good quarrel with all the other farmers about it.

"Presently we came in sight of a house with farm buildings behind, which stood some way back from the road; and Joe pulled up opposite a gate which led into the field before the house.

"Here we are, then," said he; "just jump out, and open the gate, Dick; I'd do it, only I can't trust you with the ribbons."

"It was a beautiful great green pasture field which we drove into, with a score of fat sleek cows feeding in it, or lying about chewing the cud; and Joe was very proud of them, and walked the chestnut along slowly while he pointed out his favourites to me, especially one short horn, whose back he said was like a kitchen table, though why she should be any the handsomer for that I can't say. The house was an old brick building, with tall chimneys and latticed windows; in front of it was a nice little flower garden, with a tall, clipped holly hedge running round it, so thick that you couldn't see through; and beyond that, a kitchen garden and an orchard. Outside the inclosure stood four such elms as I never saw before, and a walnut tree nearly as big as they, with queer great branches drooping close to the ground, on which some turkeys were sitting. There was only a little wicket gate in the holly hedge, and a gravel footpath up to the front door, so we drove into the farmyard at the back; and while Joe and his man took care of the chestnut, I had time to look about, and think what a snug berth Joe seemed to have fallen upon.

"The yard must be sixty yards across, and was full of straw where the pigs were lying with nothing but their snouts out; lots of poultry were scratching and pecking about before the barn-doors, and pigeons were fluttering down amongst them, and then up again to the tops of the barns and stables, which ran all round the yard. The rick-yard, full of long stacks of hay, and round stacks of corn, was beyond. A terrier and spaniel were sleeping in sunny corners, and a greyhound was stalking about and looking at the pigs; and everything looked sleepy and happy, and as if life went easily along at Elm Close Farm."

Who that has seen the said pastures, orchards, and old grey gable-ended houses, will ever forget the mellow, tranquil, pastoral aspect of the scenery to which they are peculiar? But we must hurry on to the hill of the White Horse, whither next morning after dreaming of "Lu," his friend's sister, our hero was conveyed by the self-willed chestnut aforesaid. Arrived on the hill, Richard makes an acquaintance for himself in the shape of an antiquarian clergyman, an enthusiast on the subject of the White Horse, with whom he prowls about, while "Joe" is settling some business with the "Squire" about the next day's sports. We must not, however, leave out the portraiture of the Squire:

"I own I had a great prejudice against a country squire when I went down into Berkshire; which was natural enough, you see, because I had never been farther from town than Twickenham (except by boat to Margate), and had belonged to a debating society near Farringdon Market ever since I left school, where we take in three liberal papers, and once a week have as good speaking as they get in the House of Commons. I haven't been to the debates much lately myself; but when I was an active member, we used to have a regular go in about once a quarter at the unpaid magistracy. How we did give it them! They were bloated aristocrats, who by the time they were thirty had drunk out all the little brains they ever had, and spent their time in preserving and killing game and foxes at the expense of the farmers, and sending every good man in their villages either to the Bastille (as we called the workhouse) as a pauper, or to the county gaol as a poacher.

"Joe and I very nearly quarrelled over one of

those debates to which I took him, like a great gaby as I was, when he came up to see me at the time of a cattle show. He would get up to speak, all I could do to stop him; and began, all red in the face, pitching into one of our best speakers who had just finished, calling him a cockney, and asking him what right he had to jaw about squires when he talked about a fox's ears and tail, and didn't know mangold wurzel from swedes. And then all our fellows began to shout and hiss, and Joe began to swear, and wanted to take his coat off and fight all who had spoken; 'one down, and t'other come on,' as he said. I got him out and took him home; but his blood was up, and he would go on at our society, and call us a set of quill-driving jackanapes. And I couldn't stand that, so I began at the landed interest, and said all the bad of them I could think of, about the poor-laws, game preserving, and the corn laws. Joe was very near going off in a huff, but we shook hands over it at last, and agreed that we neither of us knew much about the sort of life the other led, and so had better not talk about it as if we did.

"Well this was the first squire I had ever seen, so I looked at him with all my eyes; and if all squires were like him, I don't wonder at Joe's getting in a passion at our talk in Farringdon Market. I should think he must be about forty-five years old, and stands not far short of six feet high; for when he came to stand by Joe, I could see he was the taller of the two; but he didn't look so tall quite when he stood by himself—I suppose because his figure was so good. For you never saw such a clean made man; he was for all the world like a well-rounded wedge from his shoulders down, and his neck and head put on like a statue. He looked just as if he could have jumped the highest five-barred gate in the vale, and then have carried it off on his shoulders, and run up the hill with it. And his face, which was well browned, was so manly and frank, and his voice so cheery, and he looked you so straight in the face, that you felt he wasn't ashamed of anything, or afraid of anybody; and so you looked him back and spoke out, and were twice as good a man at once yourself while you were talking to him."

In the meantime, Richard learns all the particulars of the festival from his new friend. They are briefly these—that on the side of a fine old green hill at Ashdown in Berkshire, in the parish of Uffington, is carved the figure of a horse, from which the neighbouring valley takes its name. The soil being chalk, the horse is consequently white, and forms a conspicuous object for some miles round. It is supposed to have been cut there in 871, by the orders of King Alfred, who celebrated his great victory over the Danes at Ashdown by carving the standard of Hengist on the spot where the fiercest struggle of the day took place. The scouring is nothing more than the removal of the moss and dirt, by which, from time to time, the figure becomes obscured; and the operation has been celebrated as a grand holiday and festival by the whole countryside from time immemorial. The present author has preserved a list of the scourings and the games by which they were attended from the year 1736. The last, previous to this one, we may add, took place in the year 1843. The old gentleman was zealous for the honour and glory of the ancient Norham memorial, for the preservation of such traces as remain of old Uffington Castle, and the immunity of that sacred soil from the inroads of the ploughshare:

"They are all mad for ploughing, sir, these blockhead farmers; why, half of them keep their sheep standing on boards all the year round. They would plough and grow mangold wurzel on their fathers' graves. The Tenth Legion, sir, has probably marched along this road; Severus and Agricola have ridden along it, sir; Augustine's

monks have carried the cross along it. There is that in that old mound and ditch which the best turnips and oats in the world (if you could get them) can't replace. There are higher things in this world, sir, than indifferent oats and d—d bad turnips."

We shall, with one exception, pass over the account of the sports, which comprised all the games customary on such occasions, and are described with all the truth and vigour which those who recollect "Tom Brown" and "Slogger Williams" will be prepared for. We shall quote one set-to at single stick:

"Harry is a fine specimen of an Englishman. Five feet eight high, with a bullet head, and light blue eyes; high-couraged, cool, and with an absolutely imperturbable temper. He plays in a blue shirt, thin from age and wear, through which you may see the play of his splendid arms and chest. His opponent is a much younger man, about the same size; but a great contrast to Harry, for he has a savage and sly look about him.

"They shake hands, throw themselves into position, and the bout begins. Harry is clearly the finer player, and his adversary feels this at once; and the shouts of anticipated victory, in the Berkshire tongue, rouse his temper.

"Now comes a turn of the savage play, which ought never to be seen on a stage. The Somerset man bends far back, and strikes upper cuts at the face and arms, and then savagely at the body. He is trying to maim and cow, and not to win by fair, brave play. The crowd soon begin to get savage too; upper-cutting is not thought fair in Berks and Wilts; a storm begins to brew, hard words are bandied, and a cry of 'Foul,' and 'Pull him down,' is heard more than once, and the committee man, who watches from below, is on the point of stopping the bout.

"But nothing puts out old Harry Seeley; no upper cut can reach his face, for his head is thrown well back, and his guard is like a rock; and though the old blue shirt is cut through and through, he makes no more of the welts of the heavy stick than if it were a cat's tail. Between the bouts his face is cheery and confident, and he tells his friends to 'hold their noise, and let him alone to tackle the chap,' as he hands round his basket for the abounding coppers.

"Now I could see well enough why the parsons don't like these games. It gave me a turn, to watch the faces round the stage getting savage, and I could see what it might soon get to if there was much of this wild work. And there were Master George, and the two Oxford scholars, at the opposite corner of the stage, shouting till they were hoarse for old Seeley, and as savage and wicked-looking as any of the men round them; setting such a bad example, too, as I thought,—whereas it didn't matter for a fellow like me, who was nobody,—so I shouted, and threw my coppers to old Seeley, and felt as wild as any of them, I do believe. Three bouts, four bouts pass; Harry's stick gets in oftener and oftener. Has the fellow no blood in him? There it comes at last! In the fifth bout, Harry's stick goes flashing in again, a fair down blow from the wrist, which puts the matter beyond all question, as the Somersetshire man staggers back across the stage, the blood streaming from under his hair. Loud are the shouts which greet the fine-tempered old gamester, as he pulls on his velveteen coat, and gets down from the stage.

"Why, Harry, thou'st broke his yead second bout, mun, surely!" shout his admirers.

"No," says Harry, dogmatically, "you see, mates, there's no 'cumulation of blood belongs to they cider-drinking chaps, as there does to we as drinks beer. Besides, they drinks vinegar allus for a week afore playin', which dries up most o' the blood as they has got; so it takes a mazin' sight of cloutin' to break their yeads as should be."

After this specimen of "yead" breaking *secundum artem*, the remainder of the sports seem tasteless to our hero. But he was greatly struck with the demeanour of some

young ladies, "high people," who were seated on the grass outside the ring in which the jingling match, a sort of blindman's buff, was going on, and who, when some of the blind-men were in imminent danger of tumbling in among them, "never flinched an inch, or made the least cry," so that Richard felt proud they were his countrywomen.

After the sports were over came dinner in the booth, and singing both among the gentlemen and the rustics. An Oxford man gave Richard a large cigar, whereupon he at once conceived a very high opinion of the taste in tobacco among the upper classes, and altogether began to enjoy himself amazingly. We haven't space to quote any of the songs. But there is considerable humour in some of them. And the dialect is, we presume, irreproachably correct. We suppose the noble and magisterial company in which they found themselves was what prevented the west-countrymen from striking up their national anthem:—"When I was bound apprentice in famous Zomerzeshire." We must, however, find room for a love ditty, in which a swain had been wooing a coy maiden in the presence of another:

## CUPID'S GARDEN.

"As I was in Cu-bit's garden  
Not mear nor haf an hour,  
'T wur ther I zeed two may-dens  
Zittin under Cu-bit's bower,  
A-gatherin of sweet jassa-mine,  
The lilly and the rose;  
These be the fairest flowers  
As in the garden grows.  
'I vondly stepped to one o' them,  
These words to her I zays,  
'Be you engaged to arra young man,  
Come tell to me, I prays.'  
'I bent engaged to narra young man,  
I solemnly declare;  
I aims to live a may-den,  
And still the lau-rel wear.'  
'Zays I, 'My stars and gar-ters!  
This here's a pretty go,  
Vor a vine young mayd as never wos  
To ear' all man-kind so.'  
But the v'other young may-den looked aly at me,  
And vrom her reat she risn,  
Zays she, 'Let thee and I go our own wasay,  
And we'll let she go shis'n."

The above sentiment is perhaps a fitting point of transition to the more sentimental passages of the volume. Richard, who had seen but little of female society, at once falls in love with Miss Lucy, Joe's sister, "a fine young mayd as never wos," and is tormented by the attentions she receives from other young men upon the hill. The scene in which he makes Joe his confidant is one of the best in the whole book:

"I want to ask you, Joe, is your sister engaged to any one?"

"Nok she," said Joe, looking up rather surprised; "why, she's only eighteen come Lady-day."

"What do you think of Mr. Warton?" said I.  
"Our Parson!" laughed Joe; "that is a good'un. Why he has got a sweetheart of his own. Let alone that he'd know better than to court a farmer's daughter."

"Are you sure?" said I; "your sister isn't like most girls, I can tell you."

"Yes, I tell you," said Joe, "he's no more in love with our Lu than you are."

"Then I'm over head and ears in love with her, and that's all about it," said I, and I looked straight across at him, though it wasn't an easy thing to do. But I felt I was in for it, and I should be much better for having it over.

"Joe gave a start, and a long whistle; and then a puff or two at his pipe, staring at me right in the eyes till I felt my head swimming. But I wasn't going to look down just then; if he had looked me right through he couldn't have

found anything I was ashamed of, so far as his sister was concerned, and I felt he had a right to look as hard as he pleased, and that I was bound not to shirk it.

"Presently he got up, and took a turn or two up and down the kitchen. Then he stopped—

"Spoke to her, yet?" said he.

"No," said I, "I haven't."

"Come, give us your hand, Dick," said he, holding out his, and looking quite bright again; "I knew you would be all on the square, let be what might."

"Well, I won't deceive you, Joe," said I, "I don't deserve any credit for that."

"How not?" said he.

"Why, I meant to have spoken to her half-a-dozen times, only one little thing or another stopped it. But I'm very glad of it, for I think you ought to know it first."

"Well, well," said he, coming and sitting down again, and staring into the fire, "it's a precious bad job. Let's think a bit how we be to tackle it."

"I know," said I, drawing up a bit—for I didn't feel flattered at this speech—"that I'm not in the same position you are in, and that you've a right to look for a much richer man than I am for your sister, but—"

"Oh, bother that," said Joe, beginning to smoke again, and still staring into the fire; "I wasn't thinking of that. 'Twill be just as bad for we, let who will take her. Here's mother getting almost blind, and mazing forgetful-like about everything. Who's to read her her chapter, or to find her spectacles? and what in the world's to become of the keys? I be no use to mother by myself, you see," said Joe, "and I couldn't abide to see the old lady put about at her time of life; let alone how the pickling and preserving is to go on."

"I was very pleased and surprised to see him taking it so coolly, and particularly that he seemed not to be objecting to me, but only to losing his sister at all."

"Then there's my dairy," said he; "that cow Daisy, as gives the richest milk in all the Vale, nobody could ever get her to stand quiet till Lu took to her; she'll kick down a matter o' six pail o' milk a week, I'll warrant. And the poultry, too; there's that dratt'd old galley 'll be learning the Spanish hens to lay astray up in the brake, as soon as ever Lu goes, and then the fox 'll have 'em all. To think of the trouble I took to get that breed, and not a mossel o' use at last!"

The rapidity with which Richard is enslaved by the fair young shepherdess, so far from being unnatural, is one of the truest things in the story, and we are glad to see that Joe was to take her up to London at the cattle show when Richard was to tell his love, and that if he was accepted, the wedding was to come off at this ensuing Christmas; an event that, let us hope, is now on the eve of accomplishment.

Such is the outline of this little work, of which perhaps greater expectations have been formed than its title in reality justified. It obviously makes no pretensions to the high moral purpose of Tom Brown, though it contains a sermon in the end; and it is open to any reader to take it up simply as an antiquarian essay, written with considerable freshness and pictorial ability. As a mere history of the White Horse and the traditional ceremonies connected with it, it is a useful and clever little volume. The slender story which winds through the crowded narrative will also, no doubt, find its admirers, though there is little attempt at portraiture of character in it, and, as our readers will readily understand, nothing whatever like a plot. Its chief excellence consists in the thorough accuracy of the tableau upon the Hill, and the truthfulness with which the tone of this class of gatherings is caught, and the relation between

the gentry, peasantry, and farmers on such occasions represented. The more serious and practical object of the writer, after the correction of cockney prejudices already noticed, is to vindicate the good of all such local anniversaries as the Scouring of the White Horse. We suppose, however, that he will find very few sensible people to differ from him in the abstract. The only point is, whether local dignitaries still have sufficient influence over their neighbours to keep in check the evil tendencies of such affairs, and to develop the good ones. But if there is any question that more than another is in the hands of the rural clergy and gentry, it is this one. Nobody else will combine to put down these assemblies if they do not. For our own parts we are fully alive to their numerous advantages, and only regret that so many of our provincial customs should have already been swept away. But when we come to inquire into the reason of their disappearance, the answer is invariably the same—they had become a nuisance. If we push the inquiry a step further back, and ask whose fault it is that they have become so; we are thrown upon a wide field of inquiry. No doubt the present generation has passed through a phase during which the doctrines of certain political philosophers had injuriously affected the relations between rich and poor. But this was neither a permanent nor yet a universal evil. Our country gentry soon began to see that they were losing more than they gained by the utilitarian system. And the class of landlords who fondly believed that the new Poor Law was the harbinger of the Millennium is now rapidly dying out. But unfortunately, or rather inevitably, the severance which began from one cause has been continued from another. Our poorer classes are neither so dependent as they formerly were upon agricultural labour, nor under the same necessity of spending all their lives on one spot. Thus there is on the one hand a freer passage to and fro, and a quicker interchange of ideas among them, and on the other less obligation to disguise the opinions so formed. We do not mean to say in so many words that these opinions usually involve any feeling of disrespect for their local superiors—far from it; but they involve a dislike of interference. And this it is which constitutes the great difficulty in the way of an unobjectionable observance of old customs at the present time. The poor just now are in a state of transition. They are freeing themselves from the restraints of the old paternal system, and the restraints imposed by education and intelligence are not yet sufficiently strong to replace them. The time will come perhaps when nothing will be necessary to keep the poor man's revelry within due limits but his own sense of propriety and decency. Those, then, who desire the preservation of these good old rustic ceremonies, should put their shoulder to the wheel, as we believe they are doing, to effect this consummation. When that day arrives, and our old friend the "Squire,"

"Volentes  
Per populoa dat jura,"

we trust that there will be no need of books written to prove the excellence of these commemorations; and that the White Horse may be scoured from century to century, without any danger of reviving those scenes upon which he must have looked down too often in the days of his ancient glory.



## THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

"De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis."

The party of last week has again assembled in the Shakespeare Room at the Bedford Hotel. The Editor is in the Chair, confronted by the Mandarin, LAQUID LINGUIST, of the Foreign Office.

FOUNTAIN TEMPLE, Barrister-at-law, is this week cracking Barcelona nuts. PROFESSOR OAK-LEIGH is revolving a line from Horace instead of Ovid. THE AMERICAN COLONEL and VISITOR is in exactly the same state of splendour as before, and would be found so, it is believed, if roused in his bed at the dead of night. MR. DEOOPER, the dramatist, MR. LEXICON O'DONNEGAN, the Hibernian, SIR GEORGE AMBERGATE, the Baronet, and MR. STOKES, the gentleman of business, are in their places, but instead of a Marie Louise the latter is peeling a medlar.

THE EDITOR.

Will you send on the wine, Professor?

THE PROFESSOR.

No use in hurrying. From the last observation in which I took of the fog I infer that we shall probably have to remain at table for a few days.

MR. DROOPER.

London has this week been surrendered to fogs and farmers.

THE MANDARIN.

What an abominable climate is ours! Montalbert said he came over here for a life-bath. He had better have said a mud-bath.

THE PROFESSOR.

The climate is a very good climate, regarded as a portion of the chemicals in the laboratory of nature. It may not be pleasant to walk about in fog, and a sensible man will therefore walk about in it as little as possible. But, any how, the thickest fog in this country is preferable to the purest and clearest air which leaves sharply defined the outline of a spy at every street corner.

MR. TEMPLE.

I don't know. Sir Francis Head says that the French system is all right, just what the people like, and just what is good for them.

MR. STOKES.

And yet, I dare say, Head calls himself a John Bull.

THE PROFESSOR.

Ah! *forma Bovis cui turpe CAPUT.*

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Don't cross the water for tyranny, but go over to Ireland. (The laugh in no degree discomposes the speaker, who proceeds.) I suppose you may have condescended to observe that while your Queen is being proclaimed Empress of Hindostan, proclamation too is made in my unhappy country, not in the way of congratulation, but of deadly insult.

MR. DROOPER.

Not a bit. The proclamations are to the same effect. In India the Queen proposes to take the reins, and in Ireland the Viceroy wants to take the Ribbons.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Keep your jests, Sir, for your farces, where I am given to understand they are much needed, and don't sport with the miseries of a bleeding country, but pass the claret.

THE COLONEL.

The Indian proclamation is a good one, but too long. I'd have the point of it stamped on the coinage for use throughout India, with a gentle reminder—say a view of Delhi—as to what happens to people who forget their duty.

MR. TEMPLE.

A new version of the Cawnpore story of massacre, I see, is sent by William Russell. Even the rebel Sepoys could not be got to murder our women and children, and the Nana was obliged to hire two butchers to do the work.

THE COLONEL.

And he did, and the savages were sent in to the slaughter-house, and were occupied several hours in murdering, after which the Nana gave a ball and puppet-show. Yet, if the English soldiers get hold of him and roast him alive, as I pray they may have a chance of doing, there will be a howl about a Christian's duty of forgiveness.

THE PROFESSOR.

Nay, we'll forgive him as the Christian Calvin forgave Servetus. By the way, there is another proclamation, Lord Clyde's. That's short and sharp enough.

MR. DROOPER.

Merely new words to an old air—"The Campbells are coming."

THE COLONEL.

As far as I can judge, my lord proposes a very clean sweep of the Oude rascals this time, and the Empress Victoria will soon be able to announce that all her dominions are tranquil.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Except my unhappy country, always oppressed and despised. But she will break your chain some day.

THE BARONET.

As she broke the last we brutally forged for her—the Atlantic cable.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

I tell you we're a great people, Barnet, and that's a fact.

THE VISITOR.

The Atlantic cable which we made for you, Sir, was a fine thing, but you Anglo-Saxons blundered it, and I guess we shall have to come out with a full hand and do it again. And this time I think we'll take it on to Bristol, as it ain't the thing for your Queen's message to come over with a brogue.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

The brogue on feminine lips is like honey upon velvet.

MR. STOKES.

And what business has honey upon velvet? What an extremely nasty idea!

THE O'DONNEGAN.

You've no imagination, Stoke, none. Keep to your dividends and your debentures, and the rest of your mercantile configurations.

MR. STOKES.

Faith, it seems to me that the mercantile men of these days have all the imagination and all the power of fiction into the bargain. If you would read the bankruptcy cases, you'd see that the novelists are tame and dull fellows, compared to the men in the city. Queer times we live in.

THE PROFESSOR.

Queer times, my dear Stoke! Don't speak so

coldly. This is the Golden Age. Everything is perfection. Read the newspapers. There never were such times. Every speech is the most eloquent, heart-stirring, logical, and exhaustive; every sermon is the most earnest, touching, persuasive, and evangelical. Every book is the most learned, thoughtful, truthful, and valuable, or the most graphic, fascinating, startling, and sparkling. What opera is not a miracle of science and a gush of melody; what play is not a masterpiece of dramatic skill evolving the most striking situations and studded with the most biting epigrams; what vocalist does not sing music in the most incomparable manner; what actor does not set before you a perfect creation, true alike to nature and to the author? Have we a soldier is not a hero to his foes and an idol to his friends; have we a sailor whose gallant bearing amid the thunderstorm and on the quivering wreck is not matchless, save by his frank and joyous heartiness when surrounded by the friends who subscribe to offer him the teapot and spoons? Can a painter produce a work that is not an emanation of genius, or can a sculptor erect a memorial that is not at once the most fortunate of resemblances and the most felicitous of works of art? Is there a churchwarden who is not manly, honest, conciliating, faithful,—a mayor who is not energetic, munificent, hospitable, and charitable,—a beadle who is not dignified, zealous, intelligent, and respected? Wretched, indeed, is that man who in these days is mentioned, or has his work mentioned, without adjectives in *excelesis*, laudation in superlatives. Let us drink to the Golden Age.

THE MANDARIN (discontent).

I thought that we were to have no speechifying.

THE EDITOR.

Who could play Mrs. Partington to such an ocean? But there is truth in what the Professor says. We do puff awfully; and the worst of the system is, that the public are now so accustomed to the wildness of eulogy, that calm and justly-worded criticism reads flatly.

THE BARONET.

Yes, and the vulgarer the theme and the critic, of course the more indiscriminate the language; and consequently you merely read in one column that Madame Mezzotinto, next door, sang superbly, while in the next column you hear concerning Miss Blare, at the Whitechapel Saloon, that nothing could transcend the inexpressible beauty of her roulades except the unsurpassed brilliancy of her cadences; and that such a union of superb voice with unequalled skill threw the audience into hysterics of admiration, and so forth. I take a low class illustration—the same system is carried out elsewhere—nothing used to be said in praise of Sir Bulwer Lytton's noblest works that is not now said and reprinted in puff of any new novel from a house that advertises.

THE MANDARIN.

And what does it matter?

THE EDITOR.

Untruthfulness, exaggeration, want of a moral perspective, are surely all bad things.

THE MANDARIN.

*Populus vult decipi*—isn't that it, Professor?

THE EDITOR.

It is not that. It is that an immense number of smart fellows write without the least feeling of



responsibility. The most pardonable form of the fault is a desire to serve a friend, but the majority of fulsome eulogies are written from exaggerative habit, and as habitual a contempt of the sobering process of comparison. There is no intentional dishonesty, but there is a most mischievous abnegation of the judicial function.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

Bother judiciousness; I don't pick my words when I'm serving a friend or walking into an enemy.

THE VISITOR.

One thing, *Sir*, which every one who reads the admirable papers published in our free and enlightened Union must be struck with, is the utter absence of puffing of every sort. Neither statesman nor any other tradesman can ever prevail upon our pure-minded and high-souled journalists to aid him by unduly biasing the ear of their fellow citizens.

THE BARONET.

I have observed that, Colonel, with pleasure, and have concluded that in America trade influence on journalism is impossible, even when I have seen introduced into a leading article on the Constitution an allusion to Jabez P. Bull's inimitable tooth-brushes.

THE PROFESSOR (*interposing*).

Last week it was said that at these meetings of ours poetry was to be occasionally read.

THE EDITOR.

Yes, or verses, which it seemed more likely we might get. Have you been doing some? Yes.

THE PROFESSOR.

It occurred to me to turn an ode of Horace's, the fourth of the second book, into a sort of paraphrase.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

That's the one about the pretty servant-girl—*ne sit ancilla*. You have been discreet, *Sir*, I trust.

THE PROFESSOR.

*Sir*, your own Irish Council of Education could not have been discreeter, though they did find an objectionable passage in the "Deserted Village."

MR. TEMPLE.

In Oliver Goldsmith! Come, that's too good.

THE PROFESSOR.

True, though. You know the lines—everybody does—

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made.

The Educationalists could not permit anything so shocking as "whispering lovers," and they have altered the line for the youth of Ireland. It stands in the schoolbooks—

"For talking age and social converse made," which, you will allow, is much more decorous.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

I should like a little social converse with the chap that murdered the line. Ah! give us the Horace, Professor, just to take the taste of the priggism out of my ear.

THE PROFESSOR.

*Ne sit ancilla tibi amor.*

Susceptible Ensign, you've promised to marry That pretty Jane Blake, your Mamma's lady's maid, Don't blush for your liking, don't trouble to parry The jokes of the officer-wits on parade.

Objectors would all be as mad as a mouse made, If they'd study Dobrett, or Sir Bernard's big book, Didn't gallant Lord Horsemarine marry his housemaid, And learned Lord Pettyfogg marry his cook?

"She comes from low stock"—and "what's bred in," *et cetera*—

All bosh, my dear boy, if the girl is a trump; A pedigree half a mile long wouldn't better her, A family tree's but a rotten old stump.

Besides, no one knows, she may not be a "groundling," Her manners are graceful, her features are mild; I think I have heard she was reared at the Foundling, So may, Coram populo, prove an Earl's child.

I like her extremely, she seems to have nice sense, She's neat as a pin from her foot to her frill. So ask if she'll let you apply for a licence, I think you're a lucky young dog if she will.

MR. TEMPLE.

Very good, Professor. A cockney rhyme in the third verse, an entirely gratuitous pun in the fourth, and no reference to Horace's disclaimer of any personal views.

THE EDITOR.

Rival poet, don't be censorious. Read some verses of your own.

MR. TEMPLE.

I haven't done any.

THE EDITOR.

Of course you have not. People who are always finding fault with others seldom do anything else themselves—did you ever hear that said before?

MR. TEMPLE (*laughing*).

I suppose I may say what I think.

THE BARONET.

Certainly, my dear Temple. Say how long you think you'll want to keep that bottle before you. Thanks. So the action against the Garrick Club for the expulsion of a member has begun, and the subject is now the town's property.

THE COLONEL.

Don't let's talk about it. I have been bored to death with it ever since I came to town. What court is it to be tried in?

THE BARONET.

If in any—in the Queen's Bench. This is well, for Lord Campbell is an author—and a gentleman.

THE MANDARIN.

I could tell you all about it, but I rather vote for dropping the subject for the present, for it really is a bore. I will give you the whole history one of these days—there's some misplacement of saddles just now, but I can put them on the right horses for you.

THE PROFESSOR.

As Justice Shallow says, "The Council shall hear it—it is a riot."

THE EDITOR.

I think we may make Evans's answer. "It is not meet the Council hear a riot, there is no fear of Got in a riot." But if you wish to discuss the question, we will have the whole case out.

THE PROFESSOR.

Not, I suggest, *pendente lite*, unless anybody reads any more misstatements, published with a view to create a false impression of a martyrdom, an injustice, or an illegality. In such a case the Mandarin will set us right.

THE BARONET.

Justice incarnate speaks, but won't pass the decanter. Are any of you going to the Burns festival?

THE PROFESSOR.

Did you see in Thursday's *Times* a notice of the death of the poet's youngest sister, at the age of 88.

THE BARONET.

Is that your answer?

THE PROFESSOR.

Well, no; but it might be. For here is a mighty banquet appointed at Glasgow for the 25th of January, and despite the season (for it was very thoughtless in a *vates* not to foresee such meetings in his honour, and be born in the summer) men of mark will gather from all parts to do honour to the memory of Burns. Already on the list are Duke, Earl, Provost, Sheriffs, Members of Parliament, Professors, Bailies, Councillors, Her Majesty's own newly-wedded Representative and Viceroy, and a great wealth of talent, money, celebrity, and notoriety.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

Again is my country wronged. What business has Lord Eglinton to leave his duties in Erin to go over and do homage to a Scotchman. I myself have written as many pomes as Burns, and I'd look a long time before I saw my Lord Eglinton coming to my apartments to do honour to me.

THE PROFESSOR.

Waiving that question, I was just going to add that Burns's sister died in the possession of an income of Seventy-Three pounds per annum. This is all that Scotland, with the aid of England, could do for the sister of the poet to whose name and glory five hundred glasses will be held up on the 25th of January. Are not these celebrations something like banquets in honour of ourselves, not of the dead.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

Bother, Professor, with your refinements. I am cruelly and shamefully neglected by my own countrymen and yours, for my pomes deserve all the honours of both nations, but I don't claim 'em for my sister Judy that married Tim Magrath who cures chimneys and corns down in Tipperary. She didn't write the pomes.

MR. DROOPER.

If she had, they might have been better.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

*Sir*, your hypothesis is at once untenable and impertinent, and I drink your health, and a happier style of repartee to you. And another thing. I hate Scotland, but I abominate England; and when you cry out about the sister of Robert Burns, of Ayr, what do you say to the daughter of Horatio Nelson, of the Nile?

THE PROFESSOR.

That *ex Nilo, nihil fit*. Also, we ought to be heartily ashamed of ourselves. I am no Pharisee.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

Nor no publican, or we'd get that wine easier. Did I tell you fellows that I asked the Humane Society to make me their new secretary?

THE EDITOR.

No, or we'd have given you testimonials. Nobody could brew a stiffer glass of brandy-and-water for a reviving drowned person. Are you elected?

THE O'DONNAGAN.

Devil a bit. They wouldn't have me, for the queerest reason I ever heard of.

THE MANDARIN.

Any little difficulty connected with spelling?

THE O'DONNAGAN.

You're another. No, *Sir*, but because I am a Dissenter.

THE PROFESSOR.

*Per Hercle!* Well, I do not see the objection. I have not the least idea what your religion is, my

dear O'Donnegan, any more than you have yourself, I imagine; but even if you were a Dissenter—no, I don't see it. (*Mr. Drooper detects the possibility of a jest about Baptists and immersion, but is conceal.*)

MR. STOKE.

Pray will the Society rescue a sinking schismatic, or are their hooks reserved for the behindmost drapery of members of the Established Church.

THE PROFESSOR.

I can't say what their Hooker's Ecclesiastical Policy may be, but their policy of exclusiveness seems to want explanation.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

That was a queer action of Scully's against the Member for Boston. Scully was one of the best men in the House of Commons.

EIGHT VOICES.

What!!!

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Certainly he was; and, speaking as an old reporter, I wish there was scores of Scullys. He was always good for three, four, or five hours, which gave his betters in the gallery delightful intervals of nearly the same time for recreation or reflection.

THE EDITOR.

We are all interested in the honour of any gentleman all connected with literature, and therefore one is glad to see that the jury could not believe that Mr. Ingram had been guilty of any fraud; and that the trifling damages given, instead of the enormous sum claimed, were given on the point of law.

MR. DROOPER.

Do you see that a German has invented a musical bed. I read about it in the "London Journal."

THE PROFESSOR.

No F sharp or B flat in it, I hope.

THE EDITOR.

Cruel of you. He has no longer any interest in telling the story. Evidently he was going to lead up to that. Never mind, Drooper, we credit you with the contribution.

MR. DROOPER (*sulkily*).

I was not going to retail any such old *mot*, which is not, moreover, particularly delicate. I was going to mention a curious invention. At going to bed it plays soothing tunes, which put you to sleep, and you can set it for any hour in the morning, when out breaks a thundering march, drums and trumpets, and wakens you up.

THE COLONEL.

What an infernal machine! What an accursed notion! What a D

THE EDITOR.

Stop him, stop him before the big D I see on his lips can form itself into anything worse. That's well. My dear Colonel, what's the matter?

THE COLONEL.

Why, the idea of such a thing! Why, I, who would hang up every street organist to a lamp-post: fancy my bringing such a thing as that into my bed-room. (*Snorts.*)

MR. DROOPER.

With a delicate arrangement of tunes the thing might not be amiss. On Sunday mornings you might be waked with a peal of bells. "Come into the Garden, Mand," would be capital for

calling up a young lady who wasn't good at early rising, and an anxious mother might convey a hint to a youngster too fond of latchkey hours, by setting his bed to "O Willie, we have missed you."

THE BARONET.

Yes, but beds must be set, as you call it, very carefully. Fancy a husband, suing for a divorce before Sir Cresswell, suddenly roused by "Your Molly has never been false, she declares."

MR. STOKE.

Ah! you should have heard Miss Poole sing that at the Yacht Club dinner, on Wednesday. That was what I call singing. Rich clear voice, plenty of feeling, and hear every word.

THE EDITOR.

Your opinion of the lady is just; but confound your grammar.

MR. STOKE.

I don't care. I don't talk cut and dry. You know what I mean, and that's enough, and that's enough, (*sings*) and that's enough for me. (*Snaps his fingers.*)

THE MANDARIN (*aside*).

Dry—no. Cut—yes.

MR. STOKE.

No such thing. Wine maketh glad the heart of man, and a man that's no gladder towards the end of an evening than he was at the beginning is a beast—I mean, he is like a beast in respect of his drink producing no effect; and, moreover, he flies in the face of the text. Besides, Paul wrote to Timothy—

THE EDITOR.

My dear Stoke, do you want a better excuse for liking this wine than its own goodness?

THE PROFESSOR (*unctuously*).

What a jovial chapter that is in Rabelais, when they all went out in a hurl to the grove of the willows, where they chirped over their cups, and one of them says, "Let us talk of our drink!"

(*The Editor rather hastily shuts up his notebook.*)

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Baron Rothschild, M.P., has fulfilled his intention of presenting the munificent sum of 2000*l.* to the City of London School, in recognition of the assistance rendered by the citizens of London in carrying the bill enabling Jews to sit in Parliament. The following is the Baron's letter:

"New Court, Swinburn's Lane, Dec. 8.

"Sir,—I have the pleasure of enclosing a transfer of two thousand (2000*l.*) Consols in the names of the present Lord Mayor, the City Chamberlain, your Chairman, and my own; and I have to request you to make the needful arrangements for devoting the interest of the investment to the foundation of a scholarship for the City of London School upon the agreed conditions which I have signed and herewith return to you.

"I make this gift in commemoration of the 26th of July, 1868, the day on which I took my seat in the House of Commons, and in grateful recognition of the assistance of my fellow-citizens in carrying the Bill enabling a Jew to sit in Parliament, and in returning me four times as their representative.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
"LOUIS DE ROTHSCHILD,  
"Thomas Brewer, Esq., Secretary,  
City of London School."

The Corporation and Trustees of the School have accepted this spontaneous gift; and it has been determined that "in order to commemorate so distinguished an act of liberality, and the deeply interesting circumstances connected with it, a tablet, with a suitable inscription, and the armorial bearings of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, to be put up in a conspicuous part of the school,

at the expense of the City, in like manner with the other memorials already placed there," shall be erected. Mr. Tite, M.P., has also offered, and the offer has been accepted, to permanently establish, for the benefit of the pupils of the school, two additional scholarships, to be conferred as rewards of merit. Mr. Tite's letter is one that does him infinite honour, and we have much pleasure in publishing it:—

"17, St. Helen's Place, Dec. 4.

"My Dear Alderman,—You have frequently done me the honour of inviting me to the annual examination of the pupils of the City of London School, but until the last summer I have been unable to avail myself of your invitation. What I saw on that occasion equally surprised and gratified me, for I found a school established and conducted on the most liberal principle, and giving a sound religious, classical, and useful education to more than 600 pupils. I learned also that many of the scholars had proceeded to the universities, where they had taken high honours, and had thus sustained and increased the well-merited reputation of the establishment. I was likewise informed that, in addition to the foundation endowment of John Carpenter, many other eminent citizens had instituted scholarships and rewards of various kinds for meritorious pupils, the number of which benefactions was continually increasing. In this honourable association I have now to request you will permit me to enrol myself, and by the kind favour and authority of the Corporation of London, and the committee of the school, to carry into effect the following scheme, which I have arranged (subject to your approval) with my friend Dr. Mortimer, your excellent head-master. I propose, therefore, to place 1500*l.* Three per Cent. Consols in the hands of the trustees of the school, the interest of which is to be annually appropriated to the maintenance of two scholarships, one of 25*l.* and another of 20*l.* per annum, to be named 'The William Tite Scholarships,' and to be given to the best general scholars who shall compete for the same, but adding to the usual subjects of study required (which include French), a knowledge of the German language, and, so far as may be, of the literature of both nations. If, in the course of time, it should be found desirable to add other modern languages, the rewards are then to be given to the best scholars who unite with their regular studies the best acquaintance with the modern European languages. I understand that it is desirable that these scholarships should be open to any pupil who has been three years in the school, provided he has not attained more than the age of 16 years, and then be continued annually until he leaves the school. In the event of any circumstance preventing the application of the interest of this money, or any part of it, in the manner which I have thus proposed, I should then desire the trustees to expend it for the scholars in any way which the committee and the head-master may decide upon for the promotion of a knowledge of modern languages, especially including the German. So soon as you may oblige me by the communication of the willingness of the corporation and the committee to undertake this trust, and favour me with the names of the trustees, I will direct the stock to be transferred.—I have the honour to remain, my dear Alderman, very sincerely yours,  
"Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Hale."  
"WM. TITE."

The premium of Fifty Guineas offered by the Directors of the Crystal Palace for the best poem in honour of Burns, to be awarded at the "Burns Festival," on the 25th January next, will be well competed for. A very large number of applications have been made for the conditions of competition, and already several poems have even at this early date been lodged with the secretary. The appeal of the directors for the loan of portraits, autographs, and other personal relics of Burns has also been well responded to, and there is no doubt that a very interesting collection will be got together by the day of the festival. Amongst these we are happy to say will be the original manuscript of "Scots wha hae," and others of the most characteristic works of the poet.

Mrs. Begg, the youngest sister of Robert Burns, who has lived for twelve or fourteen years at Bridgehouse, near Ayr, died somewhat suddenly on the morning of Saturday, the 9th. She had caught a slight cold about the beginning of the week, but had apparently recovered, when on the Friday evening she became faint, and gradually sank till next morning, when, after drawing two long inspirations, she quietly expired, almost like a child falling asleep. Had she lived till June next she would have been 88 years of age. Her name was Isabella, and she was the youngest sister of the poet. She had a strong family resemblance to the bard, and warmly cherished the memory of her gifted brother. She was interred in Alloway churchyard on Thursday last, in the same grave as her father.

The models, thirty-four in number, sent in



competition for the Havelock Memorial, have been exhibited during the week, and are still on view at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists. The memorial is to be a statue corresponding in general character, as in position, with the statue of Sir Charles Napier at Charing Cross. It affords, therefore, little room for novelty; and during the dark days of the present week the light in the Suffolk Street Gallery has been insufficient to allow of any satisfactory examination of the models in detail. The statues are chiefly "differenced" by having cloak or none, sword in hand, or right or left hand resting on sword. To a couple of the models some novelty has been imparted by placing a Bible in the left hand, whilst the right grasps the sword, and by directing the warrior's eyes heavenwards; but the effect is rather melodramatic than impressive. Novelty has also in two or three instances been sought by placing on the hero's head a curtained cap or helmet—convenient, no doubt, under the burning sun of India, but likely to have a rather ludicrous appearance, cast in bronze, and exposed in Trafalgar Square. Another of the figures leans on a prodigious bust of Hindostan. A few of the statues promise fairly.—No. 4, for example, is well posed, and has a firm, manly bearing; and, as well as we could judge in the gloom, Nos. 3, 9, 14, 31, and 33, are somewhere above the average. But why, for a mere statue, "to pair with Napier," as one of the competitors has marked his model, have a competition at all? Had it been a painted portrait, the portrait painters of the three kingdoms would not have been invited to compete; and surely the commission for a bronze portrait might have been at once given to any portrait sculptor of established reputation. Competitions are only of use where new ideas are to be evoked. In a case like the present the chances are largely against obtaining as good a statue by competition as by commission, because few, if any, of our best sculptors are likely to venture time, money, and reputation in such a lottery, and for such a prize.

The Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge announces that the representatives of the late Rev. Richard Sheepshanks, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, have offered to give ten thousand pounds stock, Three per Cent. Consols, for the promotion of the science of astronomy in the University. The terms on which this munificent gift is offered for the acceptance of the University, as stated in a letter to the Vice-Chancellor from the Astronomer Royal, are, with regard to one-sixth part of the stock, that the principal shall not be touched, but the entire proceeds be applied to the maintenance of an exhibition to be called "The Sheepshanks Astronomical Exhibition," which exhibition shall be given to that undergraduate of the University of Cambridge, elected by the Master and Seniors of Trinity College, who shall be found best versed in astronomy, theoretical and practical; the person so elected, if not a student of Trinity College, to become one; and retain the exhibition for three years, on condition that he shall keep, by residence, every University term of that time; except on permission of non-residence. With regard to the remaining five-sixths part of the above-mentioned stock, the principal in nowise to be touched; but the proceeds to be applied to the making the best possible observations and calculations for advancing the science of astronomy, or the sciences of terrestrial magnetism and meteorology, or other sciences usually pursued continuously in an observatory; or to the erection of buildings, or procuring of instruments proper for and appropriated to those observations; or to the payment of actual observers and actual computers personally employed on the observations and calculations.

**SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.**—During the week ending December 4, 1858, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 1894; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 3263; on the three Students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 535; one Students' evening, Wednesday, 95. Total, 5787. From the opening of the Museum, 686,943.

#### OUR STATE PAPER OFFICE.

In his letter of the 31st of October, 1564, Randolphe informed Cecil that he had laid before Mary, Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth's letter, granting commission to the Earl of Bedford and himself to confer with such of Her Grace as she will appoint, concerning her marriage with the Earl of Leicester.

Randolphe arrived at Berwick on the 11th of November, thinking it best, he observes, to be with the Earl of Bedford somewhat before the time appointed for them to meet the Lords of Murray and Liddington, "that having conferred they might be the better able to say, and better prepared against the time of conference with them."

The four commissioners met on the 18th November. Randolphe had first "private talk" with my Lord of Murray, and then with my Lord of Liddington. He tells Cecil, on 23 Nov., that:

Severallye theise tolde me, that theise founde o' Sovereigne dealinge merveiles strayne, and perswaded that ther was nothyng intended but dryfte of tyme, to what ende theise knowe not, and that of necessitie muste be layde a syde, whear perfet anytie is intended. For the matter [it] self, though theise knowe not howe their mestres is affected, or howe she wyll allowe of that w<sup>ch</sup> by them hathe byne spoken; yet theise wolde be lothe so to cutte of, or leave thys cawse in suche sorte, as no farther confereis sholde be had of yt.

On the 2nd December, Randolphe assures Cecil that Queen Mary "hath no great misliking of the last conference had at Berwick, thinking now things to be more earnestly meant than ever before she would perswade herself that they were. Thys," continues Randolphe:

Hathe given some encouragemente to my L. of Murray and put some lyf and boldenes in my L. of Liddington to confer and tawke of the matter boldelir then before theise durste. Theise have nowe taken upon them the care to see her G. well & some bestowed. Theise have comandement to comen and confer w<sup>ch</sup> me so ofte as the[is]e lyste, or w<sup>ch</sup> anye other whom yt please the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> tappoint. To bringe thys matter to some speedie ende, yt is resolved that some man shall shortlye be sent unto the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> thoroughlie to knowe her opinion and mynde, and that theise shall wryte their lres to yo<sup>r</sup> hono<sup>r</sup>, and ether to signifie fullye what theise thynke and fynde fytteste for the contynuance of a perpetuall love betwene the cuntries. Theise truste well in their owne Sovereigne, and fynde her daylye more and more applicable to the Queens Ma<sup>tie</sup> wyll. Theise thynke yt good that yt were not neglected, and their hope is that yt wyll growe to some good issue.

With respect to Lord Darnley, Randolphe is "evil willing that he should come hither." Queen Elizabeth's ambassador recapitulates his reasons for such an opinion. He observes [on 2nd Dec.]:

My especiall reason is, that I fynde maynie that favour the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> beste are moste grieved that by her meanes anye suche sholde be sente hyther of whome ther is dowte, bothe what is hys religion, and what combers maye arryse in the cuntrye by receavinge suche as in tymes paste have greatlye disquieted the same. Seinge I knowe the Q. her self and the beste of her realme well mynded to my Sov<sup>er</sup>, deute forthe me to gyve warninge of that, that I feare maye be a breache of good wyll, or alienatinge of their myndes thome from thother. For that w<sup>ch</sup> before was dowted of thys Q. lykinge of hym, and of the practises of some men that waye to have advanced them selves, yt is nowe well knowne y<sup>e</sup>, excepte yt be offere from the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> larger conditions then I beleve wyll be accorded unto, yt shall never be lyke to take effecte.

On the following day Murray and Maitland [Lord of Liddington] assure Cecil of their desire to promote their Sovereign's honour and prosperity; they will do what they can to induce her to embrace such a marriage as shall content Queen Elizabeth; they desire to know her Majesty's real meaning:

We will fall rowndlie to worke yf we may knowe that the Quene's Ma<sup>tie</sup> your mystres will deale so freyndlie and systerlie w<sup>ch</sup> o<sup>r</sup> that this realme maye frome hence forthe be voyde of all suspicion off any breache w<sup>ch</sup> yo<sup>r</sup> people hereafter; so as we be not enforced, at any tyme, to have recours to foreyn friendship we will do what we can, be all meanes lawfull for subjectes to attempt, to induce the Q. o<sup>r</sup> mystres to embrace suche marriage, friendship, and

alliance, as in resonn ought to content y<sup>r</sup> Ma<sup>tie</sup>, and will endeavor our selfis at our uttermost to disapoynt the counsaills of suche as have gone about to procure the contrarie.

The commissioners met again and again; many letters were written; but nothing satisfactory or conclusive was agreed upon. Randolphe says, on the 25th December, "I find allways in the Queen one cheer and one countenance." On the 12th February, 1565, he intimates that there is great expectation what farther word shall come from Queen Elizabeth touching those matters lately had in communication, and alludes to the dissatisfaction of some at Lord Darnley's coming:

*Randolphe to Secretary Cecil.*

Berwick, 12 February, 1564-5.

As I wrote unto yo<sup>r</sup> h. that I had a desyer to see my L. of Bedford, so I arrived here upon thursdaye laste, myndinge upon mundaye nexte to retorne towards Edenboure, whear I am sure the Q. wilbe w<sup>ch</sup> in fewe days after.

Of the laste confereis had w<sup>ch</sup> the Q. of Scots and the two Ll. y<sup>r</sup> h. understoode by my laste lres. Since that tyme I cane wryte nothyng but that I dowte not but ther is greute expectation what farther worde shall come from the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> touchyng those matters latyhe had in comunicacion, whether her Ma<sup>tie</sup> will always remayne in these termes that hitherto she hathe towards thys Q. or farther procede accordinge unto the good wyll that is borne unto her Ma<sup>tie</sup> from hers as, by my laste lres I wrote, yo<sup>r</sup> h. understoode thete.

By yo<sup>r</sup> h. lres I perceave what earnestlye meanes hathe byne made bothe by my L. Roberte and yo<sup>r</sup> h. for my L. Dar[n]lies licence to come into Scotlande. Yo<sup>r</sup> h<sup>is</sup> considerations here in is inough to satisfye me, howe lothe somev<sup>r</sup> I am, that anye comforte sholde be taken here by anye as to thynke that throughe hys presens my purpos here sholde be subverted, or that theise that have stande in perfet anytie and good wyll w<sup>ch</sup> my Sovereigne sholde be grieved or offended that anye such sholde be licensed to come into the cuntrye, of whome ther is so myche conceaved agaynste as to yo<sup>r</sup> h. is not unknowne, bothe by worde and wrytinge. My mynde was ever to obbeye unto her Ma<sup>tie</sup> wyll, but how to frame or fashone thys that yt maye be bothe to her Ma<sup>tie</sup> hono<sup>r</sup> and throughe contentement in thende, I muste nowe take one care more upon me then before I had, w<sup>ch</sup> muste be supported by yo<sup>r</sup> h. good advise, for trewelye of myselfe I knowe not yet what to thynke, or howe to behave myself.

I have nothyng farther to trouble yo<sup>r</sup> h. w<sup>ch</sup> but thys humble requeste, that seinge nowe thys Q. stondeth in some farther expectation of the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> wyll towards her, that what somev<sup>r</sup> is farther intyndy, some significacion maye shortlye be had thereof before that I be forced at her retorne earnestlye to presse her, of her resolution of those matters propounde unto the two Ll. at Barwicke, w<sup>ch</sup> bycawse I do knowe that yt dothe stonde w<sup>ch</sup> bothe their Ll. desyers, I am the boldor to put the same in wrytinge unto yo<sup>r</sup> h., and so moste humblye take my leave. At Barwicke, the xii of Februarie, 1564.

Yo<sup>r</sup> h. bounden at comaunds

THO: RANDOLPHE.

Yo<sup>r</sup> h. is advertised of my L. of Darlie arrivall. He purposeth fyrste to goe to his father, whos is presentlye at Glascowe, and then to the Quene. I truste all thynges shall torne to the beste, and as I fynde yo<sup>r</sup> h. shalbe advertised.

To the right honorable

S<sup>r</sup> William Cecil, Knighte, Principall Secretarie to the Quen's Ma<sup>tie</sup>.

A week later he gives an interesting account of Lord Darnley's arrival; his reception by the Queen of Scots and her nobles, the general disposition towards him, and the probable results of his coming; as follows:

*Randolphe to Secretary Cecil.*

Edinburgh, 19 February, 1564-5.

My humble deute considered, yt maye be that by thys tyme you are desyerous to here some newes of o<sup>r</sup> late arrived geeste. Of his comynge to Barw<sup>ick</sup>, howe he was used ther, and of the tyme of his abode yo<sup>r</sup> h. hathe hearde. To Dombarre he caim that nyghte he departed from Barwicke, the nexte daye he roode no farther then Ledingetoun. In his waye to Edenboure he dynd at the L. Setons w<sup>ch</sup> was evile taken by the Duglas, for the dyscorde that is betwene that howse and them for the hurtinge of Frances Duglas. At Edenboure he tarried 3 nyghtes attendinge answer from my Lorde hys father

whether he sholde com to hym to Dunkell whear he was w<sup>th</sup> my L. Athall, or goe to the Q. whoe was then at the Lorde of Wynne howse in Fyfe. Upon Frydaye laste havinge received worde from his father to repayre to the Q. he wente over the water to the Lorde of Wynne howse, whear he hathe byne well received of the Q. and also lodged in the same howse. What other thynges have passed I have yet gotte no knowledge, nor wyl not for a tyme seeme to be verie curious for I am sure that I shall here inough, though no thyng I truste that shall breede mislykinge to the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> or hynderance to that w<sup>ch</sup> I have in hande. The tyme of hys beynge in this towne ther resorted dyvers unto hym. Theise lyke well of hys personage, what to judge of his other qualieties the tyme hathe not served to have anye greate triall. There are here a greate number that do wyshe him well. Other dowte what he wyl prove, and deaplier consydar what is fete for the statte of their countrie, then (as theise call hym) a fayer jollye yonge man. Some suspecte more then I do myself that his persons maye hynder other purposes intended, as that inspecial whear abowte I goe. Other suspectinge hys religion can allowe of nothyng that theise see in hym. Of all these diversities, w<sup>ch</sup> some or other that since his arrivall I have mette w<sup>th</sup>, I have had some discourse. Of all other I can please them leaste that are perswaded that yf he matche here in marriage yt shalbe the utter overthrowe and subversion of them and their howses. Whoe these are I neede not in mo words to wryte. But for anye thyng I see theise feare more then theise have cause, and yet do no otherwyse then I sholde myself yf I were in some of their places.

I have spoken w<sup>th</sup> my L. of Glancarne and my L. of Morton, thone for the religion, thother to inyoze his owne and to see his frends wyode of comber, wyshe that some other had come in his place. I dowte for all that nothyng of her wysedom, good governemete, and discrecion, but that in all her doynge she wyl tayke good advysemete, inspecial be myndefull of that w<sup>ch</sup> towARDS my Sov<sup>tie</sup> she hathe promysed, moste cheiflye in her marriage to tayke her advise. His arrivall was so suddayne in Scotl: that maynie wagers were laide yt couldde not be he. Some, yf-cause a fewe dayes before I wente to Barwicke, thoughte that I had byne some other man, whome indeede I do hartely wyshe wer in hys place.

Yesterday my L. of Marr sendeth unto me Mr. John Woodie, his Secretarie, to inquire what worde of late I have hearde from yo<sup>r</sup> h. and when that I thynke some knowledge shal come from the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup>, what farther resolution she takethe of thys Q. words latlye spoken unto me at St. Andrews, in w<sup>ch</sup> havinge geven full sygnification of her good wyl tappill unto her Ma<sup>tie</sup> mynde as in hono<sup>r</sup> she maye, and as in reason she thynkethe the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> sholde yelde unto and be contente w<sup>th</sup>, wolde gladdly knowe howe farre she may thynk her self beholdinge unto the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup>, and whearof she maye assure her self, les yf through longe delaye newe suspicion arysse, w<sup>ch</sup> wyl not so easlye be wyped awaye, and her mynde ons altered wyl not easlye be broughte unto that stayer that now she ys at. Hereof I dowte not but yo<sup>r</sup> h. hathe consideration inough; and as I wyshe that all thynges that maye be to my Sov<sup>tie</sup> contentemete maye tayke beste effecte; so do I not dowte but yo<sup>r</sup> care is suche as yt oughte to be. I am gladd yt stonde the presentie in those termes yt dothe betwene ther Ma<sup>ties</sup>, maynie mo then I prayse God for the same, and are verie loothe that ever ther sholde be other dayes then for the space of six yerres and more hathe byne betwene these two realmes, in w<sup>ch</sup> tyme theise have lyved in moste happie peace and amytie thone w<sup>th</sup> thother. My L. of Murraye wyseth that before I move thys Q. for resolution of the conference at Barwicke, or speake anye words of my retorne, that ons agayne I might here from yo<sup>r</sup> h., for that he thynkethe that by thys tyme you have farther considered and conferred of newe w<sup>ch</sup> the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup>, and have farther occasion to judge of thys Q. mynde then before you had. I promised to that effecte to write unto yo<sup>r</sup> h., and my self not to be unwillinge to forbear, as I myghte arvoide displeasure, and sawe that good myghte insue therof. Yt wilbe ether Saturdaye or Mundaye before she be in thys towne. Untill Ashe Wensdaye be paste, I thynke her G. wyl not occupie her mynde w<sup>ch</sup> anye grave matter. Betwene the tyme that these lres come to yo<sup>r</sup> h. handes and that daye I truste that I shall receive farther advise and knowledge of the Q. Ma<sup>tie</sup> pleasure, and what her hyghenes thynkethe and comandeth farther to be done. Of all other here, I fynde my L. of Marr care in this matter to be greatest. Thys he hathe chosen for the beste to his Sov<sup>tie</sup> (sic), to hys countrie, and contynuaunce of amytie. Yf thys tayke other succes then he desyvereth, he thynkethe that nether his owne dayes can be maynie, nor his countrie happy.

Thus myche I thoughte good to wryte unto yo<sup>r</sup> h. for thys presente, and daylie here after more as I fynde anye good occasion. I purpose not to see the Q. as she willed me before she come owte of Fyfe. Suche lodgings as was promised me in gentlemen's howses I have yelde to my L. Darlie, and by-cause hys owne howses were not come I lent his L. a cople of myne. I am also reddie to do his L. all the hono<sup>r</sup> and service I maye. Upon Saturdaye I sente hys L. my Ladies G. packet, and thys morninge received these inclosed to her G. from my L. her sone. Thus most humblye I tayke my leave. At Edenbourge, the XIX<sup>th</sup> of Februarie, 1564.

Yo<sup>r</sup> h. bounden ever at comaunde,

THO: RANDOLPHE.

Randolphe also wrote to the Earl of Leicester on the same day "touchynge yo<sup>r</sup> L. requeste towards my L. Darlye, to whome I assure yo<sup>r</sup> L. I have and will do all the hono<sup>r</sup> and service that lyethe in my power." He also gives the Earl a short account of Darnley's reception by Mary and the nobility of Scotland, and he adds "we are entered into a new winter; as great a storme lately fallen upon us as the last, which wrought us here a number of unhappy diseases. Lord Darlye hath taken a little cold, but not much."

This trifling circumstance, Lord Darnley taking cold, most probably was the cause of hastening on an event which turned out so unhappily for Queen Mary.

We see in the next letter the Earl of Lennox returning thanks to Elizabeth for "licensing his son and heir to come to him for such purpose as he had already informed her Majesty of."

The Earl of Lennox to Queen Elizabeth.

Dunkeld, 21 February, 1564-5.

Moste excellent Princes,—Your Ma<sup>tie</sup> great goodnes heretofore extended in preseryvage and furtheringe my cawses here, hathe not only bounde me to honor and serve yo<sup>r</sup> Ma<sup>tie</sup> dewryng my lyfte, but dayly to praye for yo<sup>r</sup> Highnes. So muche more it is to my comfort and incouragement when I understande the contynuaunce thereof, as now I have dew profite bothe by yo<sup>r</sup> gracyousness in lisenynge my Sun and heyre to come to me for suche purpos as, or (sic) this, I informed yo<sup>r</sup> Ma<sup>tie</sup> of. And by yo<sup>r</sup> gracyous remembrance in yo<sup>r</sup> Highnes laste letter to the Quene here, trustynge yo<sup>r</sup> Ma<sup>tie</sup> shall never have cause to repent or w<sup>ch</sup> drawe yo<sup>r</sup> goodness, but rather to thinke the same well bestowed, as knowethe Almyghty God, who ever preserve yo<sup>r</sup> Highnes in helthe w<sup>ch</sup> longe lyfte and muche joye. From Dunkeld the xxii<sup>th</sup> day of February.

Yo<sup>r</sup> Ma<sup>tie</sup>

most humble and obedient Subject,

MATHEW LENNOX.

To the Righte highe and mighty Princes

the Quenes most excellent Ma<sup>tie</sup> of England.

A fewe days after, Randolphe again addresses Cecil respecting Lord Darnley, who dances a galliard with the Queen, hears a sermon from John Knox, and so governeth himself that there is great praise of him:

Randolphe to Secretary Cecil.

Edinburgh, 27 February, 1564-5.

Maye yt please yo<sup>r</sup> h.

Yesterdaye I received these lres inclosed from my L. of Lenox, whoe is yett byyonde the water w<sup>th</sup> the Earle of Atholl. His sone my L. hathe byne w<sup>th</sup> hym, and came agayne to the Quene at her comynge over the Q. ferrie upon Saturdaye laste. Yesterdaye both his L. and I dynd w<sup>th</sup> my L. of Murraye. His L. behaviour is verie well lyked, and hytherto so governeth hymself that ther is greate prayse of hym.

Yesterdaye he hearde Mr. Knox preache, and came in the compaignie of my L. of Murraye. After supper, after that he had seen the Q. and divers other ladies dance, he beinge required by my L. of Murraye, danced a galliarde w<sup>th</sup> the Quene, whoe for thys travails of hers for all the greate colde and stormes, is come home lustiar then she wente fourthe.

Moste humblye I tayke my leave. At Edenbourge, the xxvii<sup>th</sup> of Februarie, 1564.

Yo<sup>r</sup> h. bounden at comaunde,

THO: RANDOLPHE.

We shall again return to this subject, and lay before our readers further letters of much interest in relation to the events that took place in Scotland during this period.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 8th December.

WHEN the *Moniteur* of the 2nd December, containing the remission of M. de Montalembert's penalty was first read by the so-called "public" of this capital, I doubt whether they realised the entire meaning of the Imperial paragraph. As to the question of illegality, nobody thought about or adverted to it. Frenchmen care so little, have so little respect for what is legal, *per se*, that the matter of mere legality never seems to touch them. They only saw that the Emperor was desirous to get out of the Montalembert business as quietly as possible, and they were divided between two different opinions. The more servile instinctively cried out about Louis Napoleon's "magnanimity," and "goodness of heart." And the sharper-sighted, and those who have vague notions of "thinking for themselves," naturally went the extreme length of supposing his Imperial Majesty was afraid of somebody or something, and was trying to atone as he best could for his mistake in prosecuting Montalembert at all. But, granted the Emperor to be afraid, there then came the other dilemma: "Who could he possibly be afraid of?" That most timid, crouching, ignorant, unreasonable, boasting, grasping, foolish, time-serving creature, the Parisian *bourgeois*, could not, with his vanity's best will, imagine the Emperor was afraid of him, for he well knows that not only has the lion's hide been torn off his back long ago, and that he is "Bottom the Weaver" tout court, without any pretext for counterfeiting the lion's roar—but he has the intimate consciousness of not having even brayed for ever so long. Not the poor *bourgeois de Paris* has avowed to himself that he has no earthly means of manifesting even his existence, and therefore, with the best will in the world, he cannot believe that it is he who has frightened the terrible despot, who succeeds on the contrary so perfectly in frightening him, the Parisian *bourgeois*. But, then, who is it before whom Louis Napoleon has quailed? This is the first question people who do not read the *Times* put to themselves on seeing the *Moniteur* of last Thursday. When the next day, however, brought with it M. de Montalembert's letter of refusal, another view was opened to the perceptions of the public. What the Emperor had done was illegal. M. de Montalembert affirmed it, and his letter was there, printed in the official journal! *Illegal*? But that had a strange sound; it implied that there was something the Emperor could not do; and this was a perfect revelation to nine-tenths of his "loving subjects."

There are not wanting persons who pretend that the case will be allowed to drop, and that the Higher Court will say it cannot find any grounds on which to rest the accusation. I do not believe this; I feel persuaded of precisely the contrary; still I again say there are many (and among them Bonapartists) who assert that this legal pursuit will be given up.

The publication of Montalembert's letter in the *Moniteur* was the subject for the fiercest dispute at the *séance* of the Conseil d'Etat on the next day; and M. Fould was accused by all his colleagues of having committed a sad blunder by allowing that "disrespectful" document to be made known to all the world. "Another subject of discussion also was that of the absolute necessity of framing a law by which the Sovereign of France should be "protected from the attacks of his enemies;" for it is quite certain that—as both Berryer and Dufaure told the bench the other day—there exists no law at present whereby—granting an attack be made against the Sovereign by libel—such an attack can be punished. There is no such law! This is curious, but so it is, and as the judges were told, they are reduced to "apply by analogy a law not applicable by right to an offence which does not exist, and which they can only make out by indirect and vidual interpretation!" A more monstrous illegality cannot be conceived.

At this moment, however, the press is more than ever regarded with suspicion, and it is more



than ever sought to hold it within bounds by fright. Day after day emissaries are sent to the *Révue des Deux Mondes* to tell the director of that celebrated periodical how advisable it will be for him to "take care of what he does," for that his proceedings are narrowly watched over. Things have gone so far, that at one of the last Cabinet Councils an over zealous Minister proposed the immediate issuing of a first "warning" to the *Révue*, upon which, to his honour and credit be it said, M. Delangle protested, declaring that at this moment such a proceeding would be nothing short of madness. His colleague persisted nevertheless, and M. Delangle then replied that, "if such a measure were resorted to, he would then and there resign his office as Minister of the Interior!"

In all these affairs of the press, there is, too, another ignoble question, which has not as yet been sufficiently adverted to. The government bought, some three years back, the *Révue Contemporaine*, but found, when it had paid the "price of shame" to the editor, M. de Calonne (whose chief means of subsistence were derived from the Comte de Chambord's bounty), that it had bought only a collection of blank leaves, a *tabula rasa*, on which no man of all those who had hitherto been the contributors to the review would consent to write down his own infamy with his name. The nut-shell was there, but it was an empty one. The efforts made by the Government, and principally by M. Rouland, the Minister of Public Instruction, to force up this unlucky purchase into some species of relative value, are something prodigious; but nothing succeeds. A great object would be to destroy both the *Révue des Deux Mondes* and the *Correspondant*, and leave only the Government review standing; but this is not as yet accomplished, and some time may still pass before it is found to be feasible. Last week there was rather an amusing match between the two periodicals; the article of St. Marc Girardin in the *Révue des Deux Mondes*, which has given such desperate offence to the "powers that be," was read from one end of Europe to the other, and the dull, heavy rectification of it set forth in the last number of the *Révue Contemporaine*, has not perhaps been so much as cut open even by the few *abonnés* of the said bi-monthly journal. It may be as well to state that those who know "what's what" here affirm this said article in the *Révue Contemporaine*, to have been written by an *employé* of Count Walewski, a small underling of the Foreign Office, who was, three or four years ago, but too happy to be admitted to the *Révue des Deux Mondes*, who, to its Director's influence kindly exerted in his favour, owed his first entrance into the Foreign Office, and who now shows his gratitude after the fashion of such folk.

But now let me turn from all this degradation, and direct your notice to a publication of the highest merit, for which we have to be grateful, precisely to this much offending *Révue des Deux Mondes*. It is entitled "*Une Année dans le Sahel—Journal d'un Absent*." Its author is M. Eugene Fromentin, a painter, already celebrated here for a small volume he published eighteen months ago, entitled "*Un Été dans le Sahara*." In the numbers of the *Révue* of the 1st and 15th of November, and of the 1st of this month of December, are to be found the three articles which form his new volume called "*Une Année dans le Sahel*." The work is a double revelation; it is at once the revelation of an original writer, and of what Algeria really is. Fancy a French "Erebus!" M. Fromentin's new book is a picture in which the purest, finest, most implacably true outline is animated and made life-warm with all the splendours of all the colourists of Holland, Venice, and Spain. I would recommend to Mr. Ruskin's attention a certain Arab *féte* upon the sea shore, where the dancers are negro women dressed in scarlet. A fiercer pallet never dwelt in Rubens's hand, of whom it has been said that the "red did not exist that could daunt him." I would also recommend to him four or five pages upon art, and upon the difficulty of reproducing the aspects of the East by

painting. And to every reader who loves the beautiful, who is seized upon by poetry, or who delights in the pure simplicity of fine style in writing, I would recommend M. Fromentin's two volumes.

Paris, Wednesday.

There is no place in which actions at law between authors and publishers, actors and managers, are so numerous as in Paris; not, however, I take pleasure in believing, because those classes of people are, from some strange reason, more quarrelsome here than elsewhere, but because the administration of the law in France possesses the inestimable advantage of being both cheap and prompt. Within the last week we have had two theatrical suits. One of these was brought by the manager of the Italian Theatre, M. Calzado, against Mario, the tenor, for refusing to sing the part of the Duke of Mantua in Verdi's *Rigoletto*, though he had always sung it before, and though it formed one of his *repertoire*. Mario's excuses were that, by the text of his engagement, the manager was bound to come to an understanding with him at the beginning of each season as to the parts he was expected to play, and that he had not done so with regard to the part in question; that the Duke of Mantua was a rôle for which, from advance of years and decrease of power, he was not exactly fit; that it had been given to Graziani, and ought not to be taken from him; and, lastly, that as Madame Frezzolini was to be the *Gilda*, he would be obliged to sing half a tone higher than he generally does, which would be a bore. But it was whispered that all these reasons were not the true ones—and no *habitué* of the opera needs to be told that Madame Grisi's husband rarely sings with another lady star. The Tribunal decided that a man who receives as he does 560*l.* a month from a manager must not on light grounds be allowed to shirk his duty; and accordingly it condemned him to figure as the Duke of Mantua whenever required, or to pay 240*l.* for every refusal. The second action raises a question which has excited much interest in literary and theatrical circles. The manager of the *Odéon* theatre lately brought out a comedy of a certain nobleman, unknown to literary fame, called the Count d'Assas,—subject to the condition that if it did not "draw" sufficient, not only to pay the ordinary night's expenses, but sundry extra expenses for scenery, dresses, and decorations, which d'Assas wished to be incurred,—the author should make up the deficit. The comedy, which was called *La Venus de Milo*, did not produce much more than 20*l.* a night, and was only performed thirteen times:—there was consequently a deficit of between 400*l.* and 500*l.*, which the manager required d'Assas to pay. But the literary Count, on some plea, refused payment; and when the manager brought an action before the Tribunal of Commerce, he got it dismissed on the technical ground, that neither he nor the manager being traders, and the matter in dispute not being one of trade, the Tribunal, whose jurisdiction is exclusively commercial, had no power over them. Now, the question which literary people have raised is this:—Has the manager of the *Odéon* theatre, who receives a subvention of 4000*l.* a-year from the government to "encourage young authors" any right to enter into such a bargain as that with d'Assas? The general opinion is that he has not; first, because if the piece in operation were of fair merit, the author ought not to have been required to pay anything for the production of it—and if bad, it ought not to have been represented; next, because it is derogatory to a literary theatre, subventioned by the public treasury, to enter into transactions of the kind referred to.

In addition to the above two actions, two others are on the tapis. Months ago I mentioned that the Dramatic Authors' Society had received about 320*l.* as the *droits d'auteur* of one of Mozart's operas represented here, and that the managing committee of the Society had handed over the sum to Mozart's son, who was living, old and poor, somewhere in Switzerland. Two members of the Society started the objection, that the statutes do not

allow any funds received by the Society to be made over to a stranger to the Society,—that, consequently the remittance to Mozart's son must be considered in the light of a donation,—and that the managing committee had altogether exceeded its powers in making so large a donation to a foreigner, without obtaining the approbation of a general meeting. Vexed at this objection, which caused a good deal of sensation amongst the dramatic fraternity, the committee about a fortnight ago called a general meeting of the members, and asked them to sanction what it had done. The meeting, after a long discussion did so. But the two dissentient members continue to dissent, and mean to carry the matter before a court of law. The question raised is of great importance to the Society. The second action which is pending arises out of the same Mozart affair; the manager of the theatre, who paid the 320*l.* above-mentioned, having continued the performance of the same opera, has been called on by the managing committee of the Society to pay more *droits d'auteur*; but he refuses, because he says that the French law never contemplated giving *droits* on the performance of the works of foreign authors deceased years and years ago; and that even if it did the Dramatic Authors' Society has no right whatever to constitute itself the collector thereof. If a decision be given in his favour, he will no doubt compel the Society to restore the 320*l.* which he paid under mistake. I have heard lawyers say that he is almost certain to win. In any case, the affair will be extremely interesting to all engaged in any way in literary pursuits.

Lamartine has just put forth another long appeal to his countrymen for assistance. In the course of it he repeats once again the oft-told tale, that his pecuniary embarrassments have been caused, not by wastefulness on his part, but his estates having been heavily burdened when he came into possession of them; by his having always provided for the peasantry dependent on him; and by heavy losses arising out of the blight which some years ago caused frightful devastation in French vineyards. He, however, I notice, starts one new point,—and that is, that after the downfall of the Republic, he had to make large disbursements for the relief of men of the republican party in distress. He does not state the fact in the direct terms I use, but such is plainly his meaning. As to the question so often put, "Why not sell your estates to pay your creditors?" he declares solemnly that he is willing to sell, but is unable to find a purchaser; some people declining to buy from fear of succeeding to so celebrated a man, others from the hope that by delay a large reduction in price can be obtained. On reading this new appeal, I cannot do otherwise than repeat what I have said in former communications. Doubtless it is not creditable to France to let so distinguished an orator, poet, and writer beg in vain for a paltry donation of a few thousand pounds. But, on the other hand, it is not dignified in Lamartine to press with such pertinacity his claims on people who are clearly determined not to give.

An election to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, one of the five Academies which compose the world-renowned Institute, has excited some attention. Two candidates were in presence, M. Munck, a learned Orientalist, M. Bouk, who has made important discoveries in Greece, and amongst them the staircase of the Acropolis. The former was chosen by a majority of one. The public would undoubtedly have preferred to see the latter selected, as he is infinitely better known, though much younger. But M. Munck is a Jew, and Jews are all-powerful in this country just now; so his race and his religion more than counterbalanced the popularity of his adversary. This fact reminds me that some time ago, a Jew, M. Franck, "put down" a Christian, M. Rapette, in a competition for a professorship in the College de France—not from inferiority of talent or acquirements, for M. Rapette possessed both in a superior degree—not from any claims on the score of service, for he was never in the College at all, whereas M. Rapette had for years acted as substitute for the titular professor whose

place was to be filled up—but simply and solely because he was a Jew, and because people of his nation and his faith can do what they will. The immense influence which Jews exercise under the Imperial government has never, so far as I am aware, been treated either in the English or Continental press; but it is a "great fact" which should not be overlooked by the philosophers, who philosophise on the wonderful phenomenon of the existence of a Bonaparte despotism in the "liberal and enlightened" realm of France.

Poor Alexandre Dumas, the elder, has of late, by his horrible charlatanism, fallen to the lowest depth of contempt in the estimation of the literary world: but he seems destined to accomplish the difficult Miltonian feat of finding in "the lowest a lower still." Taking up by chance the last number of his periodical the *Monte Christo*, I saw these three lines in one of his letters from Russia, where he now is, and, astounded, went no further.

"I was asked to allow myself to be presented to the Emperor Alexander on his return from Archangel.

"I refused!"

### SCIENTIFIC.

#### MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 13.—*Royal Academy of Arts*, 8 P.M. Lecture on Anatomy by Mr. Partridge.—*Royal Geographical Society*, 8.30 P.M.—*Royal Institute of British Architects*, 8 P.M.: Papers to be read—1. "Notes on the River Amur and the adjacent districts," by MM. Peschurof, Vassilief, Radde, Ussolozof, Pargachetaki, &c. 2. "Explorations in Ecuador, 1856 and 1857," by G. J. Fritchett, Esq.

TUESDAY, Dec. 14.—*Royal Society of Literature*, 2 P.M. Mr. Christmas on "The Archiepiscopate of Cranmer."—*Zoological Society*, 9 P.M. Scientific Business.—*Synagogue Society*, 7.30 P.M. Mr. Marsden, "On certain Discrepancies in the Reading of Hieroglyphs." Mr. Sharpe, "On the Date of the Crucifixion."—*Institution of Civil Engineers*, 8 P.M. Annual General Meeting.—Reading of the Annual Report, and Ballot for Council.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 15.—*Society of Arts*, 8 P.M. Mr. E. J. Read, "On the Modifications which the Ships of the Royal Navy have undergone during the Present Century, in respect of Dimensions, Form, Means of Propulsion, and Powers of Attack and Defence."—*Geological Society*, 8 P.M. Papers to be read: 1. "On the Old Red Sandstone of Elgin and its neighbourhood," by Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P.G.S. 2. "On some Reptilian Remains from the Sandstone of Elgin," by Prof. T. Huxley, F.G.S.—*Musical Society of London*, 8 P.M. Conversation at Beethoven Rooms, 76, Harley Street.

THURSDAY, Dec. 16.—*The Royal Society*, 8.30. Professor Owen, "On the Fossil Mammals of Australia. Part I. Description of a mutilated skull of a large marsupial carnivore (*Phylacoleo carnifer*, Ow.) from a calcareous conglomerate stratum, eighty miles south-west of Melbourne, Victoria." Mr. Thomas, "On the Nature of the Action of fired Gunpowder." Mr. Cayley, "A Sixth Memoir on Quantics." Rev. S. Earnshaw, "On the Mathematical Theory of Sound."—*The Linnean Society*, 8 P.M. Papers to be read: D. Hanbury, Esq., "On two Insect-products from Persia." D. Oliver, Esq., "On the Indian Species of *Utricularia*; and on the Structure of the Stem in *Caryophyllaceae* and *Phumogonaceae*."—*Chemical Society*, 8 P.M. Papers to be read: "On some Minerals containing Arsenic and Sulphur," by Mr. J. Field; "On the Detection and Distribution of Titanic Acid," by Mr. E. Riley; "On the presence of Ammonia in Ice, and on the Action of Ice-water on Lead," by Dr. Medlock.

FRIDAY, Dec. 17.—*Guy's Hospital*, 8.30 P.M. Mr. Towne, "On the Brain as the Organ of the Intellectual Powers." To be illustrated by models.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—General Monthly Meeting. Monday, December 6. William Pole, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Treasurer and Vice-President, in the Chair. Right Hon. James A. Stuart Wortley, M.P., &c.; William George Armstrong, Esq.; George F. Chambers, Esq.; Rev. Edwin Progers, Jun., and Horace James Smith, Esq., were duly elected Members of the Royal Institution. Professor T. M. Goodeve, C. F. Varley, Esq., were admitted Members of the Royal Institution. The Secretary announced the Arrangements for the Lectures before Easter, 1889.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE, Wednesday, Nov. 24, 1888.—J. G. Teed, Esq., Q.C., in the chair. Mr. Vaux read a paper communicated by Mr. Wylie, "On the used Asbestos in China," in which he pointed out by an elaborate survey of documents at how early a period this

mineral must have been used in China, with some notices of the sources from which the Chinese in all probability procured it. Mr. Hogg read a paper on "St. George the Martyr," in which he called attention to the numerous errors into which even learned writers had fallen with regard to this personage, and gave a description of an inscription which had been copied during the last year by Mr. Cyril Graham at Ezra, the ancient Zorava, from the walls of a very early church dedicated to this saint, but evidently from its structure originally an ancient temple. The date of this inscription appears to be A.D. 346, during the reign of Constantius Chlorus. Mr. Hogg pointed out that most of the errors respecting St. George arose from a confusion which had been made even in early times between the real St. George of Syria, and George of Cappadocia, who was murdered at Alexandria in A.D. 361, and had no claim whatever to canonization. Mr. Hogg further stated that there was little room for doubt that the genuine St. George was born in Syria, and suffered the death of a martyr during the reign of Diocletian, A.D. 287.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY, Nov. 20.—Col. Sykes, M.P., President, in the chair. A large number of presents to the library were laid upon the table. Among them was an extensive collection, presented by the late East India Company, of about 130 selections from the government records of the several Indian presidencies, comprising returns upon almost every subject connected with the administration of India, and of reports relating to the history, political relations, religions, languages, education, agriculture, arts, manufactures, customs, &c., of the people; together with accounts of the geography, topography, geology, and natural productions of the country. These volumes include, also, reports of institutions and public works, founded and carried out by the Indian government for the improvement of the people. The President drew the special attention of the meeting to these valuable records, printed in India, and little known here, and described them as containing a vast amount of exact information which it would be impossible to derive from other sources. E. Fowle, Esq., read to the meeting a portion of a translation made by himself from a Burmese version of a Pali ethical work, the Burmese name of which is *Nidhi Kyan*. He observed that it was a short code of moral aphorisms, compiled from various authorities. He had seen English versions of Sanskrit works from which these Burmese writings appeared to be derived; but the Burmese was generally considerably amplified, and much was introduced that would not be found in the Sanskrit. The code he was about to read was taught daily in the Burmese Buddhist monasteries, and its influence was very great upon the minds of the people. As education in Burmah was gratuitous, it was widely extended throughout the realm, and the effect was visible in the manners of the people generally. Reading, writing, sacred history, and arithmetic were almost universally diffused; but a higher standard was by no means uncommon. Mr. Fowle understood that a similar system existed in Japan; and he thought that thence might be explained the interesting notices recently arrived from that country, of the prosperity and content which appeared to prevail there. In their style of conversation the Burmans were like the Persians, being fond of figurative and sententious language; and they constantly intermingled in their discourse bits of poetry, proverbs, and extracts from such works as he was about to read. The literature of Burmah was mostly derived from the Pali; but there was a good deal of strictly national literature in science, poetry, and history; from which he hoped one day to gather enough to make up a presentable bouquet for the Society. A few extracts from the work read, will give an idea of the character of the whole:

"Associate with the virtuous, and when you have learned their law, you can come to no harm: mix not with the wicked; put them aside; but cling to the virtuous: do good at all times, whether by night or by day;

and reflect within thyself on the uncertainty of human existence.

"The perfume of flowers is refreshing; more refreshing is the light of the cool moon; but most refreshing are the words of wisdom.

"Do nothing hurriedly, without reflection, or you will repent at leisure.

"The wealth of a wise man is like a well, from which water, though constantly drawn from it, yet is constantly being replenished.

"Some prosper without exertion; others, with great exertions, sometimes fail: people must not always expect their efforts to be successful.

"Run away from a bad district, a false friend, bad relations, and a bad wife.

"Should a woman desire to be born a man in the course of transmigration, she can only attain this by treating her husband as the angels' wives treat their husbands—with love, respect, and attention.

"Kings and ministers should sleep but a quarter of the night; philosophers and learned men, but half the night; merchants and traders, three parts of the night; but beggars may sleep the whole night."

Professor John Dowson, the Reverend George Small, and Captain Lewis Pelley, were elected into the Society.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.—Thursday, Nov. 25. W. S. W. Vaux, President, in the chair. Mr. Evans read a paper in which he gave an interesting and detailed account of a very large collection of Roman coins discovered at or in the neighbourhood of Verulamium (the ancient St. Albans). Mr. Evans had been able during the last sixteen years to examine and classify more than 4000 such coins, and had prepared lists of the numbers found of almost all the Roman Emperors, from Claudius to the extinction of the Roman power in Britain. The evidence of the coins, as tested by the number discovered, of each ruler, exhibited a remarkable agreement with the known facts of ancient history; those emperors, for instance, who reigned the longest period, or who had had most connexion with Britain, exhibiting invariably the largest number and the greatest variety of types.—Mr. Vaux read a paper on some remarkable coins he had lately met with, consisting of a very fine tetradrachm of Antiochus IX., four coins of the King of Gebal (or Byblus), bearing inscriptions in the Phœnician language, and some coins of Mahmud of Ghazna. Most of these specimens were in excellent preservation, and exhibited legends, the interpretation of which was undoubted.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—November 18th. Dr. Longstaff, V.P., in the Chair. Mr. Kynaston read a paper "On the Analysis of the Water of a Spring at Billingham, Lincolnshire." The water contained 27.7 grains of saline matter per gallon, including 2.1 grains of carbonate of soda, and 0.6 grains of combined potassa. Dr. Hofmann, on the part of Professor Fritzsche, exhibited some crystalline compounds of nitro-peric acid with benzene, naphthalene, and other hydrocarbons. Messrs. Perkin and Duppa read a paper on bibromacetic acid.—Dec. 2. Dr. Longstaff, Vice-President in the chair. Mr. J. Barratt read a paper "On the Analysis of the Water of Holywell, North Wales." Mr. J. Mercer read a paper "On the Relations of the atomic weights of the elements," and showed how the atomic weights of elements belonging to the same natural group, might be rendered comparable with those of homologous hydrocarbons of the ethyl series. He also pointed out the parallelism in the atomic weights of the chlorine and nitrogen families. Dr. Hofmann described a new double salt of iodide and nitrate of silver. Mr. J. Horsley read a paper "On the detection of alum in bread."

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—Monday, 29th November, C. Jellicoe, Esq., V.P., in the Chair. Mr. Farren read a paper "On the Improvement of Life-Contingency Calculation. Part II.—The System of Dependent Risks."—The prevailing system of life-contingency calculation was described as one which busied itself only with the determination of prices or premiums, and did not enter upon the material topic of insurance finance, or how to deal with the actual results as they occur from time to time. This omission was explained by the circumstance that hitherto life assurance had been considered as a system of



"dependent risks," or one of which it was the characteristic that the happening of a defined number of risks precluded the happening of the remainder, so that all considerations of after-finance were supposed to be excluded as unnecessary, because limited by the fixing of the original ratios or premiums. The object of the paper was to show that Life Assurance calculations would be properly based upon a system of independent risks, or such risks as, though they might happen to be similar in nature, could not be said to influence each other. The distinction was illustrated by considering the numbers set forth in the Carlisle Table under both views. It was shown that they both led to the same assessments as a matter of price or premium; but that while the system of dependent risks could contemplate but one series of results to be provided for, that of independent risks was at once a doctrine of limits, including possible fluctuations of mortality and of the interest of money, and dealing with the question of the relative importance of large and small numbers, and the necessity or otherwise of supplementary capital. A change from one system to the other was therefore advocated as the basis of many important improvements, of which the treatment of the subject would become immediately capable. The paper concluded with the observation that, had not the prevailing system of dependent risks been hitherto protected by exaggeration of assessment and other incidents in practice, which, by providing a margin, had virtually allowed for a certain range of deviation of results, the change now proposed would long since have become compulsory as a matter of necessity, as it has now almost become by way of exposition of the variety of results as displayed by the bonus system or participation in profits. A discussion followed, in which the Chairman, Mr. Sprague, Mr. Peter Gray, and Mr. Samuel Brown took part, and thanks having been voted to Mr. Farren, the meeting separated.

**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.**—November 23, 1853, Joseph Locke, Esq., M.P., President, in the chair. The paper read was "On the Successful Working, by Locomotive Power, over Gradients of 1 in 17, and Curves of 300 feet radius, on Inclines in America," by Mr. T. S. Isaac. At the meeting on the 7th inst. the paper read was, "Description of a Breakwater at the Port of Blyth, and of certain improvements in Breakwaters, applicable to Harbours of Refuge," by Mr. M. Scott, M. Inst. C.E.

**ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—Tuesday, November 23, 1853, Dr. Gray, F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. The Secretary read a paper by Mr. R. F. Tomes, on five species of Bats in the collection of L. L. Dillwyn, Esq., M.P., collected in Labuan by Mr. James Motley. Two of these were new and characterised as *Phyllorhina Labuanensis* and *Scotophilus nitidus*. The Secretary read two papers by Mr. Slater, the first "On two species of Ant-birds, in the Collection of the Derby Museum;" the second "On the genus *Ochtopsis* of Cabanis." He also read a paper by Mr. Sylvanus Hanley, containing "Descriptions of a new *Cyrena* and a new *Bulla*." They were characterised under the following names, viz., *Cyrena cochiniensis* and *Bulla Carpenteri*. The Secretary likewise read a paper by Dr. Baird, containing a description of a rare Entozoon, from the stomach of the Dugong, discovered by Professor Owen in 1831, and named by him *Ascaris halicloris*. Though named so long ago it has never been fully described or figured, a blank which Dr. Baird now proposed to fill up. A communication was also read from Surgeon G. C. Wallich, M.D., H.M. Indian Army, describing a new preservative process, the details of which were obtained at Cairo from an Egyptian, by the late Major Sir George Parker of the Bengal army; and were communicated to Dr. Wallich by that officer at Cawnpore, shortly before the mutinous outbreak, in the course of which the Major's life fell a sacrifice. This paper was accompanied by a series of illustrative specimens.

## FINE ARTS.

*Cambridge School of Art. Mr. Ruskin's Inaugural Address delivered at Cambridge, Oct. 29, 1853. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.)*

This address was read at the opening of the Cambridge School of Art, and is now published for the benefit of that institution. Like all Mr. Ruskin's popular addresses, it met with a very favourable reception. And no wonder. Mr. Ruskin is master of the art of winning the sympathies of a popular audience. His addresses are never common-place. He secures the confidence of his listeners by showing them, by the novelty of thought, expression, and illustration, that he has been taking pains in preparing what he is saying to them. Further, he not only drops, in passing, all sorts of startling or piquant dashes of criticism on popular painters or writers—as here when he refers to "that well-known piece of elegant English conversation about the weather, Thomson's Seasons,"—but is certain to say something equally piquant about his own ways and turns of thought, e. g., "Perhaps some of my hearers may occasionally have heard it stated of me that I am rather apt to contradict myself. I hope I am exceedingly apt to do so . . . For myself I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly, till I have contradicted myself at least three times: but once must do for this evening." Then there are sure to be some experiences and observations gathered in recent travel, always well told and always amusing, as on this occasion his notice of English travellers "doing" the picture galleries at Turin; some fine passages of poetic description, like the brilliant word-picture of the view of Turin and the plain of Piedmont taken from the desolate villa of the pleasure-loving Cardinal Maurice; some sounding reference to great moral questions, as here the passage on the decay of nations;—but above all, because, beside and beyond what is personal and poetical and amusing and strange, there is always some main leading idea which permeates and gives consistency to the whole, and which satisfies every hearer that the speaker has a definite purpose in view, and that amidst all the discursiveness of thought, affluence of words, and novelty of illustration, it is never really lost sight of, much less forgotten.

His main idea in this address may perhaps be stated to be—that Schools of Art which are open to all classes should not aim so much at specific teaching, as at "simply endeavouring to enable the student to see natural objects clearly and truly. . . In a school such as this, we shall obtain no satisfactory result unless we set ourselves to teaching the operative, however employed—be he farmer's labourer, or manufacturer's; be he mechanic, artificer, shopman, sailor, or ploughman,—teaching, I say, as far as we can, one and the same thing to all; namely, Sight. Not a slight thing to teach, this: perhaps, on the whole, the most important thing to be taught in the whole range of teaching." And as regards the students, they, if they would study Art to any purpose, must not think of it as a play or a pleasure, but "follow it gravely and for grave purposes, as by men, and not by children." Students in the upper ranks of Art, whilst keeping clear of the notion of pursuing Art as dilettantism, should aim chiefly to become "good judges of Art rather than artists." On the contrary the artisan does not need to have his powers of criticism rendered very acute. "His sensibilities are to be cultivated with respect to nature chiefly; and his imagination, if possible, developed." Success in the commercial application of his Art-training, so that we may "get from the workman, after we have trained him, the best and most precious work, so as to enable ourselves to compete with foreign countries, or develop new branches of commerce in our own," will not result from any particular system, or any special appliances. There is, in short, do what you will, "no way of getting good Art but one—at once the simplest and most difficult—namely, to enjoy it."

We have said enough to indicate the character

of the address, to show how much good matter there is in it, and how useful a contribution it is to the discussion of popular Art-education. But as our readers may like to have a fuller sample of its quality, we give a couple of extracts as illustrative of its lighter and its more serious tone. And first why Englishmen buy pictures:—

"The fact is, we don't care for pictures: in very deed we don't. The Academy Exhibition is a thing to talk of and to amuse vacant hours; those who are rich amongst us buy a painting or two, for mixed reasons, sometimes to fill the corner of a passage—sometimes to help the drawing-room talk before dinner—sometimes because the painter is fashionable—occasionally because he is poor—not unfrequently that we may have a collection of specimens of painting as we have specimens of minerals or butterflies—and in the best and rarest case of all, because we have really, as we call it, taken a fancy to the picture; meaning the same sort of fancy which one would take to a pretty arm-chair, or a newly shaped decanter."

And next his great lesson in Art morals: "This then is the great enigma of Art-history, you must not follow Art without pleasure, nor must you follow it for the sake of pleasure. And the solution of that enigma is simply this fact; that wherever Art has been followed *only* for the sake of luxury or delight, it has contributed, and largely contributed, to bring about the destruction of the nation practising it: but wherever Art has been used *also* to teach any truth, or supposed truth—religious, moral, or natural—there it has elevated the nation practising it, and itself with the nation. Thus the Art of Greece rose, and did service to the people, so long as it was to them the earnest interpreter of a religion they believed in: the Arts of northern sculpture and architecture rose as interpreters of Christian legend and doctrine: the Art of painting in Italy, not only as religious, but also mainly as expressive of truths of moral philosophy, and powerful in pure human portraiture. The only great painters in our schools of painting in England have either been of portrait—Reynolds and Gainsborough; or of the philosophy of social life—Hogarth; or of the facts of Nature in landscape—Wilson and Turner. In all these cases, if I had time, I could show you that the success of the painter depended on his desire to convey a truth rather than to produce a merely beautiful picture; that is to say, to get a likeness of a man or of a place; to get some moral principle rightly stated, or some historical character rightly described, rather than merely to give pleasure to the eyes. Compare the feeling with which a Moorish architect decorated an arch of the Alhambra with that of Hogarth painting the 'Marriage à la Mode,' or of Wilkie painting the 'Chelsea Pensioners,' and you will at once feel the difference between Art pursued for pleasure only, and for the sake of some useful principle or impression. . . . Now, therefore, the sum of all is, that you who wish to encourage Art in England have to do two things with it, you must delight in it, in the first place; and you must get it to serve some serious work, in the second place. I don't mean by serious, necessarily moral; all that I mean by serious is in some way or other useful, not merely selfish, careless, or indolent."

*The Last Supper, after Leonardo da Vinci. Drawn by Thomas D. Scott, engraved by F. J. Smyth. (Virtue.)*

*Studies from the Great Masters. Part 4. Engraved and printed in colours by William Dickes. (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.)*

We have here fresh evidence that the taste for works of art is really striking root firmly downwards. The caterers for "the multitude" are at length directing their attention to the production of respectable copies of works of the highest class, at a price which may with truth be said to bring them within the reach of all. Here, for instance, we have a copy of Raffaele Morghen's famous engraving of Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' the same size as Morghen's print, for half-a-crown! An engraving on wood, it is not of course to be compared with that *chef d'œuvre* of the great

master's burin; but it has been carefully copied from it on the wood by Mr. Scott, and engraved with equal care by Mr. Smyth, and is, of its kind, in all respects a very creditable production. The expressions are well rendered, the drawing is faithful, all exaggeration of line and colour is avoided, and the general effect is very fairly given. A little more firmness in parts, and less flatness in the back-ground tints, would have been desirable; but for a wood engraving of the size—and price—it is remarkably good.

To the special merits of the coloured 'Studies from the Great Masters' we have already more than once called attention. In this part we have Murillo's 'Spanish Flower Girl,' from the well-known picture at Dulwich, and the 'Prodigal son,' after L. Spada. The Murillo has neither the depth nor the refinement of colour of the original, but the general effect is very satisfactorily rendered, and it is nicely drawn: as a study in colours we question whether it is not better than half those made in the gallery, and it costs—a shilling. The Spada is much less excellent.

#### MORITZ STEINLA.

THE fame of Moritz Steinla, as one of the first engravers of our time, has extended itself far beyond the boundaries of his native land; and his faithful renderings of some of the finest pictures of the old masters will earn for him an honourable place in the annals of Art, whilst the contemplation of his career is instructive as a proof of the power of an innate conviction of ability combined with a resolute will and unflinching perseverance to overcome adverse circumstances. On the 21st of September last his career was closed by death: but, for some time previously, he had ceased to labour with his former energy, and his artist life may be said to have terminated with the completion of the engraving of the 'Madonna del Pesce,' Raffaele's great picture in Madrid.

Moritz Müller was the son of a clergyman of limited means, and was one of several brothers, of whom one, like himself, adopted Art as his profession, but who, wanting the steadiness and diligence of his brother, failed to make any progress. Moritz was born in the year 1791 at Steinla, the name of which place he adopted instead of that of his family, to avoid confusion with other artists, especially engravers, of the same name. Owing to his father's limited circumstances, his early years appear to have been occupied in drawing for picture-books, and in making maps, rather than in making studies for his art. He was for many years in business connection with Bertuch, the founder of an establishment in Weimar, which in its day did good service to Art, and a proof of the grateful remembrance in which Steinla held Bertuch, was given by his dedicating to the memory of his former friend his last great work, the plate of the 'Madonna del Pesce.'

It was in the Academy of Dresden that he made his first regular studies; and in its gallery he imbibed that love for true and elevated Art, which purified his taste, and contributed mainly towards giving his artistic efforts that direction from which, in ripe years, he never swerved. He well repaid his debt of gratitude to this gallery by the admirable versions which he subsequently gave to the world, of its two finest pictures of the Italian and German schools—the 'Madonna di San Sisto' of Raffaele, and the 'Madonna' by Holbein. Among his masters were A. W. Böhm and Darnstedt, meritorious artists, whose talents were, however, mainly employed on works of an ephemeral nature, a degradation from which Steinla was fortunately saved.

Having tried his powers on various works of importance (amongst others on a portrait of King Frederick Augustus of Saxony, after Vogel V. Vogelstein), and fully conscious how much was yet wanting to his artistic education, he resolved, with the assistance of the King, to pass some time in Italy, at that time, far more than now, the school for engravers, since the great masters of our century were then living there,—Morghe, and Longhi, Anderloni and Toschi,

Garavaglia and Jesi, all of whom are since dead. In Milan he studied under the direction of Giuseppe Longhi; in Florence, under that of Raphael Morghe, and attained a degree of excellence of which both masters were justly proud. "From Longhi he seems to have learned greater precision in drawing, and in the handling of the burin, a clearer comprehension and a more characteristic rendering of his subjects; from Morghe, freedom, and at the same time delicacy in the lines, not however degenerating into feebleness, and that harmony of the masses in which the engraver of the 'Cenacolo' so eminently excelled." In Florence, Steinla finished the plate of the 'Cristo della Moneta,' after the picture by Titian in the Dresden Gallery, and in 1830 he completed that after the 'Pieta' of Fra Bartolomeo in the Pitti Palace; the former a work in the delicate style of Morghe, executed with considerable precision and truth in all its details. The flesh is well modelled (with close lines), and the hand of the Saviour, so beautiful in the original, is very successfully given. The plate of the 'Pieta' of the Dominican of San Marco is remarkable for its faithful reproduction of the original, and for its harmony and keeping.

The years passed by Steinla in Florence were some of the richest of his life. He there met with many men of celebrity; Runnström was at that time pursuing his researches in Italy, and the association with a man of such earnestness and intelligence acted as a stimulus on those around him. Germans of learning, artists and engravers, were also to be found in the Tuscan capital, from time to time; amongst the former, Leopold Ranke; amongst the latter, Rauch, Wilhelm Schadow, and others of less note, together with Jacob Felsing, who had already at that time executed his admirable engravings after Andrea del Sarto's 'Madonna di San Francesco,' in the Tribune of the Uffizi, Correggio's 'Marriage of St. Catherine,' in Naples, and others; Eichens, a pupil of Toachi, the engraver of the picture of Titian's daughter; Samuel Jesi, a pupil of Longhi; Saunders (an Englishman), Esquivel (a Spaniard), Antonio Perletti, and others, pupils of Morghe.

Previous to his return to Germany, Steinla visited Rome and Naples, returning however by way of Florence to Dresden, where he was appointed Professor in the Academy. From this time (1831) he remained wholly in his native country, with the exception of a short visit to Tuscany, and one to Spain, in company with Passavant, the biographer of Raffaele.

Amongst his most interesting works is an engraving after Raffaele's drawing of the 'Massacre of the Innocents.' The original formerly belonged to a printseller of the name of Huybens, in Cologne, who had it engraved by Steinla; it was subsequently purchased by the late King of Saxony for his private collection, and has now passed into the hands of his widow. It was from this drawing that Marc Antonio made his celebrated engraving. All Steinla's previous works were, however, thrown into the shade by his engraving of the 'Madonna' of Holbein, with the family of the Burgomaster Meyer of Basle, the original of which is in the Dresden Gallery; a reproduction of the picture, given with marvellous truthfulness and simplicity. One of the chief excellences of Steinla's works, is their conscientious fidelity to their originals, and in this plate he has entered with equal care and skill into the minutest details, while preserving the harmony of the whole. After the appearance of this work, which must be regarded as his masterpiece, the culminating point of his career, he received the gold medal from the academy in Paris. The works which followed it, the 'Madonna di San Sisto,' an engraving which, although a more faithful copy of the picture than that of Müller, is yet wanting in the harmonious and pictorial effect for which the latter is remarkable; and the 'Madonna del Pesce,' for the study of which he spent some time in Madrid during the progress of his work, are inferior to it in excellence.

\* At that time the property of the Abate L. Celotti, but subsequently purchased for the Museum at Berlin.

In the latter engraving especially are to be traced the symptoms of decreasing power, and it was with reluctance that the Art-loving public, which had anticipated with interest the appearance of such a work from such a hand, was compelled to confess that the completed work fell far short of its expectations. Some seven or eight years ago, when we visited his simple little dwelling, we found the artist at work on the drawing for this plate (which was not, as some have erroneously stated, made entirely in Madrid); and well do we remember the interest with which he at that time spoke of his work, and of his intended visit to Spain. Before the completion of the plate, however, ill health and increasing weakness of sight rendered him incapable of pursuing his labour with his accustomed energy, and it is probable that the consciousness of his decreasing powers prevented him from bestowing the same time and care upon his work as he had formerly done. Previous to his death, he completed a plate after Raffaele's portrait of Pope Julius II., thus to the last remaining unflinching in his allegiance to the classical in art; an allegiance from which, during his whole life, he never swerved, every work of importance undertaken by him, bearing some name enthroned among those greatest in the history of Art. With one unfortunate exception, all the drawings for his plates were made by himself, the only true means for an engraver to attain the spirit and character of the original; the one we allude to, a 'Madonna,' by Fra Bartolomeo in Lucca, had also the misfortune of falling into the hands of an unskilful printer.

Steinla was heart and soul devoted to Art in its various branches; his little dwelling, a nest of small rooms *au troisième*, in one of the quiet old streets of Dresden, was more than filled with works of Art of all kinds; including many paintings of value, besides engravings, coins, gems, &c. He was learned in numismatic lore, an antiquarian, and well versed in the history of Art. His collections were begun in Italy, and were constantly added to, throughout his life. We well remember a visit to him, in which, while he worked in the adjoining room, we were permitted to enjoy at pleasure the sight of his many treasures, and knowing his care for all these collections, we thought it augured ill, when about a year-and-a-half since, we suddenly heard that he had sold his valuable pictures to the Dresden Gallery, and his coins to the state. A failing interest in these objects of his care, told of a failing condition of bodily health and mental life.

Steinla was a man of courteous manners, and amiable and sociable disposition, although, from the demands of his profession, much of his time was necessarily spent alone; his conversation was lively, and enriched by varied information; his requirements in life simple, provided only that his higher aims were gratified. His style of engraving was by no means brilliant, and in the production of striking effects he was excelled by many of his contemporaries; but his works are free from the hardness which is to be found in their productions. In the earlier part of his career he is said to have employed rather close hatching in his engravings, but he modified his style in this respect, after the example of Morghe, and attained greater freedom and variety in his lines, thereby producing better modelling and greater harmony in the whole.

Steinla is succeeded in his office as Professor of Engraving in the Dresden Academy by Herr Louis Gruner, an artist, whose name is well known in England.

On the first of January next, and thenceforward, the compulsory prepayment of postage will be extended to all letters addressed to Ceylon, whether intended to be forwarded by way of Southampton or by way of Marseilles. The postage also of letters posted in Ceylon, addressed to the United Kingdom, will be required to be prepaid by the senders.

\* By his will his various plates, impressions, furniture, &c., are bequeathed to his various pupils, in the possession of one of whom is this plate, which still remains unpublished.



## MUSICAL NOTES OF THE WEEK.

**CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.**—The winter performances of vocal and instrumental music have commenced, and every Saturday afternoon finds a more or less numerous assemblage of amateurs and practitioners in the *arte divino* quietly seated, listening to a well-made selection from the compositions of the best masters. A very little contrivance, a slight expenditure of ingenuity, and a few days' labour, would suffice to make the ordinary concert-room of the Crystal Palace not merely unexceptionable in an acoustic sense, but all that could possibly be required for the comfort and convenience of visitors. A few additional string instruments, too, would obviously enhance the general effect of the orchestral performances. The instruments of wood, brass, and percussion, if not yet irreproachable with respect to intonation and quality of tone, are fairly advancing towards the desired perfection. Why, when so much money is laid out in departments of less solid and durable utility than the concert-room and its appurtenances, the penny wise and pound foolish system should be allowed to regulate the policy of managers it is difficult to explain. Let us hope that early attention may be directed to this subject. We believed from the first in the attraction of a sterling musical entertainment, held at stated intervals—not in a miserable *olla podrida* of sentimental ballads, worn-out glees, and senseless "fantasias," not in threadbare patches from the Balfe-Wallace depository or the cast-off wardrobe of the Italian opera—but in the inspirations of great men, in genuine works of art, which stand out as models for all time. This is the view evidently taken by Herr Manns, the German musician (of course there was no English musician fit for so honourable a post) who conducts the performances with a certain amount of intelligence, tempered by a *moto perpetuo* of his whole body, monotonous to behold, and making it appear as though he were balancing himself upon an invisible tight-rope. Herr Manns clearly affects good music. Though his judgment may be occasionally at fault, though his tendency to Richard Wagner and the still more dangerous, because more insidious, Robert Schumann, betrays an imperfect organisation, he at any rate eschews commonplaces to the best of his ability, treating his public not as a cattle-show public, but as one capable of understanding, and, still better, of liking, music that reveals design and development, music appealing to the heart and the intellectual faculties, while affording a pleasurable sensation to the ear. For this Herr Manns—whose manner of using the conductor's stick is at times nervous, fidgety, and perplexing to a degree that becomes intolerable—deserves full credit.

Four of the winter concerts have already taken place (the fifth occurs to-day) all of them more or less interesting, all with a grand orchestral symphony (entire) as the principal feature, and all in consequence meriting the respect of those who regard the art of music from a serious point of view, as one of the happiest applications of terrestrial phenomena which, under Providence, the civilised part of the human race has been permitted to effect. The fourth concert (on Saturday) was given out as in commemoration of the death of Mozart, although the anniversary of the demise of that imperial musician is the 5th, not the 4th, of December. *N'importe*—the act was just as worthy on the 4th; and as we live in a Protestant country, it would be an offence against law, on Sunday, even to honour the memory of so great a genius as Mozart by the public performance of his incomparable works.

The day was unfavourable to out-door amusements, rain and fog being the chief elements of atmospheric activity from morning to evening. At one time the vaporous exhalation was so dense that the audience could scarcely distinguish each other in the concert-room. They could hear the music, however, and that was all they wanted; while the measured phrases of *Sarastro*, the high priest, derived an extra and mysterious solemnity

from the peculiar circumstances under which they were listened to. The allusion to *Sarastro* is equivalent to recording that a selection from that wondrous lyric vision—Mozart's (not Shickaneder's, nor even Shickaneder's secretary's\*) *Midsummer Night's Dream*—the enchanted and enchanting *Zauberflöte*, which contains melody enough for twelve operas, and elevates an unintelligible farrago into the highest realms of fairy-land and transcendental poetry. The selection was a fine one, too, comprising the overture, unsurpassed and unsurpassable; the most beautiful music allotted to the fire-proof lovers, *Pamina* and *Tamino*; the two airs of *Sarastro*, so grand in their simplicity; the stately march and solemn chorus of the priests of Isis; and some of the light and genial music of *Papageno*, the bird-catcher, including, among other pieces, his duet with the uxorious *Papagena*. The vocal music was given, not in the original German, but according to the Italian version of the opera known as *Il Flauto Magico*. The singers were Madame Weiss, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Weiss. Madame Weiss did well not to attempt either of the airs of *Astraffamente*, Queen of Night, although we can by no means compliment her on the style in which she drawled through the passionate lament for the supposed loss of *Tamino*, which Mozart has put into the mouth of his *Pamina*—the exquisite air in G minor, "Ah! lo so, più non m'avanza." She was better in the duet, "La dove prende," for *Pamina* and *Papageno* (with Mr. Weiss), and in the delicious *terzetto*, "Dunque il mio ben," for *Pamina*, *Tamino*, and *Sarastro* (with Messrs. Perren and Weiss). Mr. George Perren (*Tamino*) was heard to most advantage in "Oh cara imagine," the pearl of romantic love songs; Mr. Weiss, in "Possenti Numi" (with chorus) and "Qui segno"—the magnificent prayer to Isis for the salvation of *Pamina* and *Tamino*, and the divine apostrophe to the temple in which *non sin* nor misery exist. When our excellent heavy "basso" was metamorphosed from the High Priest *Sarastro* into *Papageno* the birdcatcher, he lost his hold upon our sympathies, and reminiscences of Sig. Ronconi's humorous and matchless embodiment of that grotesque personage were conjured up not at all to the advantage of Mr. Weiss. The band played the overture well, notwithstanding those absurd *sforzandi* (invented and perpetuated by Mr. Costa) at the latter end of every bar of the principal theme, which violate the composer's intention and spoil the effect into the bargain.

Besides the excerpts from *Die Zauberflöte* the programme contained the charming little tenor song, "Das Veilchen" ("The Violet"), and the melodious air, "Deh! per queste istante," the former given with correct expression by Mr. Perren, the latter not exactly within range of Madame Weiss's capabilities. The other instrumental pieces were one of the earlier orchestral symphonies (in C major), and the pianoforte concerto with orchestral accompaniments in the same key. The symphony went well and pleased everybody. Music so frank, unaffected, and pure must be always welcome, even to jaded ears. Of precisely the same calibre is the pianoforte concerto—so well-known to the patrons of M. Jullien—the part for the solo instrument devolving upon Herr Pauer, a good musician, a clever pianist, and in short a fair specimen of the Wolfenbüttele type of virtuosi. Nothing could be more mechanically correct than Herr Pauer's execution, nothing more plain and straightforward than his reading throughout. Solid, steady-going manipulation, if it never entirely charmed, it always satisfied—except, perhaps, with reference to the "cadenzas" interpolated in the *allegro maestoso* and *allegro vivace assai* (finale), "cadenzas" of the Wolfenbüttele cut, ponderous, diffuse, obtrusive, and as unlike Mozart as possible. Herr Pauer was greatly applauded at the termination of the concerto, which, as we have hinted, he played well, in spite of his "cadenzas."

This very interesting concert was brought to an end by a spirited performance of the overture to

\* It was the secretary or amanuensis of Mozart's eccentric friend and impresario who wrote the book of *Die Zauberflöte*.

*Der Schauspieldirector* (the *Impresario*), a comic opera, written and produced in Vienna, at the beginning of 1786, the same year as *Figaro*, and the year before *Don Giovanni*. The overture, sparkling and delicious, full of Mozart, and overflowing with animal spirits, was heard with delight by all who remained in the room till the conclusion—in other words, by all who cared a straw for spontaneous musical invention, united to consummate art.

The future management of Her Majesty's Theatre has been alternately given (by rumour) to M. Laurent, many years ago lessee to Mr. Mitchell, in conjunction with Mr. Benedict, and to a foreign speculator whose name has not transpired. Meanwhile Mr. Lumley and a certain veteran wealthy nobleman have recently been observed more than once together in the French metropolis.

## NEW NOVELS.

*Redmarsh Rectory; A Tale of Life.* By Nina Bellasis. (Charles J. Skeet.)

WE hold with the proverb that there is a time for everything, and with its corollary that there is also a place for everything. We do not expect, nor could we tolerate, at church on a Sunday a lecture on humorists, however agreeable such a lecture might be at a more fitting time and in a more appropriate place. Nor, on the other hand, should we relish a sermon in a theatre to which we had gone expecting to witness the performance of a tragedy, or a farce. It is this feeling that causes us to look, with some degree at least of disfavour, on what are termed religious novels. Nobody denies the importance and necessity of inculcating Christian principle and of holding up for imitation exemplars of religious conduct, but it hardly seems appropriate that the inculcating of these principles and the setting forth of these exemplars should form the staple of a three volume novel, as they do in the work before us. From the beginning to the end of the book the objects of the author seem to have been to excite devotional feeling, to teach the lesson that the whole heart must be given without reserve to God, and to portray the ideal of a Christian parson, with rich and influential Christian parishioners. To such ends the story is made subservient. Edward Sidney, a college scapegrace, misconducts himself so grossly that he is rusticated for three years. His father curses him and casts him off, and Edward betakes himself to a village in Sardinia, where he falls in love with and marries Madeline, the daughter of a small farmer, and supports himself as an artist. His father dies, and his mother sacrifices all her moveables to pay her son's debts. She is on her deathbed, and Edward leaves Sardinia and hastens to see her while she is yet alive. He arrives at his home to find her dead and himself a beggar, his father's property having, in pursuance of his will, been converted into an annuity for the mother. He has not the means to return to Sardinia, and a life in a London garret for two or three years follows, during which he is brought to the borders of starvation. At length he is discovered by a rich uncle who has returned from India, and he becomes what he was originally intended to be—a parson, or rather an embryo parson, being ordained a deacon. He obtains the curacy of Redmarsh, and in Laura Beresford, the daughter of the rector, he recognises a young lady who, when he was starving in the streets of London, pitied him and gave him half a sovereign. The recognition, however, is not mutual. Laura is very beautiful. Edward falls violently in love with her, proposes, and is accepted. The remembrance of Madeline, however, haunts him; he does not know whether she is alive or dead, and he is distracted with fear lest his marriage with her should become known. The time approaches for his marriage with Laura, and he departs for the cathedral city. The upbraidings of his conscience, however, becomes too great to be borne. He does not dare, contemplating the sin he does, to take the marriage vow, and he returns to Redmarsh, writes to Laura, and confesses all. He then departs from Redmarsh, determining to repair to Sardinia to

ascertain if Madelina be alive, but an accident happens to the train by which he is travelling. He is fatally injured, and dies a day or two afterwards, having first received Laura's forgiveness. Laura, in deep distress, makes a journey to Sardinia, accompanied by her father and Sir Henry Lovell, a large colliery owner, who is ever busy devising and executing plans for the benefit of his employes, who exhibits in his own person all the Christian virtues, who is moreover young, handsome, and rich, but who, notwithstanding all these advantages, had been rejected by Laura in favour of Edward Sidney. The object of the journey is to find out Madelina, and they ascertain that she died giving birth to a son three years before Edward went to Redmarsh. Laura adopts the son, and after five years have passed, during which several subsidiary love plots are wrought out, Sir Henry proposes to her again, and is accepted. Then there are marriages all round, only one good soul in that happy circle, who loved Sir Henry, being left an old maid. In the course of time young Edward becomes rector of Redmarsh, and all ends happily and in accordance with the orthodox termination of all three volume novels.

*Emma de Lissau : a Narrative of Striking Vicissitudes and Peculiar Trials.* By the Author of "Sophia de Lissau." (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)

THERE is a rising generation of young ladies to whom no doubt the "striking vicissitudes" of Emma de Lissau's life will be as welcome as they were to their grandmothers: we trust, however, that a better standard of morality is established, than when the clever authoress first submitted these volumes to the religious world. Here we find Mrs. Russel, a lady of high repute as a school-mistress of "undoubted integrity," who, by the "dignity of her deportment," and "polished elegance of her address," wins the respect of a Jewish family, and has committed to her care a cherished offspring of their house, Emma de Lissau, a precocious young lady, who has already studied in secret the forbidden New Testament. Mrs. Russel stipulates never to converse with her pupil on the tenets of Christianity, that Emma shall never mix with any of the other pupils, that she shall never be allowed to read the New Testament or any other book in use among Christians, but that her lessons shall be always from the books submitted by her grandfather. This was the lady's pledge: how does she fulfil it? Finding her charge anxious respecting eternal matters, she resolves that nothing shall shake her resolution to "sow the good seed in the name and fear of the Redeemer," which she accomplishes by permitting her to listen daily to readings and instructions from the forbidden book, thus violating her promise, as the authoress plainly states—not indeed in letter but in spirit—by a mode which is declared to be "peculiar, but wisely adapted to the emergency of the case." Thus Mrs. Russel, convicted as a hypocrite and a traitor to her trust, is held up, at least, not to condemnation; whilst further on the reader is horrified by the cruelty of certain Roman Catholics at Posen, who steal two children, and having caused them to be baptised, like the boy Mortara, declare that their Jewish relations have no longer any claim to them. What is this latter crime but a legitimate consequence of the principles that actuated Mrs. Russel? If religious fanaticism is to override mere secular faith, honour, and truth, for violating which in matters of the world Mrs. Russel would have been exposed to legal penalties, why should not Catholics steal children as well as Protestants pervert their pupils when entrusted to them under a solemn pledge of non-interference? The exhibition of such doctrines leads us to look with disgust at the Scriptural verses and pious passages with which the volume is rendered palatable to scrupulous readers—like dead rubbish carefully hidden in a conserve of rose-leaves: but there is much in these remarkable volumes that will well repay perusal. The ideas which are prevalent among hundreds of English people respecting the private life and manners of their Jewish countrymen and women have been framed

on the life-like narratives of Sophia and Emma de Lissau, and there is truth enough in the writing, both of description and character, to ensure for them still a wide reception, notwithstanding the moral obliquities into which the zeal of the author has betrayed her.

*True to the Last, or, Alone on a Wide Wide Sea.* By A. S. Roe. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)

THIS romantic title-page is somewhat catching, and promises a succession of adventures in which hearts are sorely tried, and life exposed to danger and desolation; but on fairly entering the expected world of sorrows, are, or ought to be equally mistaken. The course of true love runs smooth enough, scarcely a ripple disturbs its serenity; and the sea of the hero's troubles is not very wide, or his solitude of long duration. In truth Mr. Roe is an artist of more grace than strength, dwelling rather on the finish of his pictures than the boldness of their features, and fonder of a philosophic equilibrium of events than any risk of imaginative power. The first part of "True to the Last" is decidedly superior to the later. The interest of the writer in the offspring of his fancy evidently failed, after they had attained a certain growth. One can trace almost to a chapter where the inventive faculty of the author gave way, the point up to which he had fashioned his groups before he put them on paper, and after which he has trusted entirely to the impulse of the moment for completion. The opening chapters are racy of American soil; they pourtray not only society, but occasionally even landscape features with refreshing novelty and truth. We are interested in Henry Thornton, Ewart Marston, and Louise, the pretty heroine, whose mystery is so thinly disguised, so easily detected by the experienced subscriber to Mudie. Indeed, as far as plot goes, an almost infantine simplicity is presupposed in the reader; whilst the writer is far too good-natured to leave one of his favourites in the slightest predicament for more than a couple of pages. Happy indeed must be the career of youth among the simple-hearted clerks and generous sensitive merchants of our author's city of New York. Like the admiring friends to whom Bishop Berkeley sketched his Utopia, we are tempted to rise and exclaim, "Let us all hasten together to this happy region!" We observe that in American as in English novels, the really hopeless and abandoned miscreant, the *blé noir* of the good company, is generally the mortgagee. Favoured as this character is in law, he invariably gets his deserts in fiction. He is a "close-fisted, hard-hearted, grinding man;" he is a "fellow—not a man;" he has money "at interest," which the speaker believes he ought not to have, as though of course he is bound to lend his money for nothing, especially to such excellent folks as the hero and heroine and their relatives. Yes, the creditors there as here are always remorseless; the debtors all virtuous and suffering. But can no one find any romance in a winding-up, or a Scotch sequestration? Be this as it may, a more thoroughly worthy book than "True to the Last" cannot be placed in the hands of the young, whose feelings, weaknesses, and trials it depicts with much delicacy, though the scenes of their after-life are framed rather upon an ideal of human nature as it ought to be than as it is.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*A Year's Campaigning in India.* By Julius G. Medley. (Thacker.) A soldier's book, and one which we can honestly and would heartily commend to soldier and to civilian. The author was captain in the Bengal Engineers, and had the fortune to see a great deal of terrible work, the merit to render a great deal of good service of his own, and the luck to escape with a comparatively slight wound. He bore part in an expedition which has been eclipsed by the recent grander events, but which should not be forgotten—the interesting little campaign which, early in 1857, brought the Bozdar tribe into order, after some sturdy fighting, and a fine display of European

skill in leadership. Captain Medley was engaged in the glorious siege of Delhi, and he describes its terrific incidents and the heroism of its assailants in a simple, lucid, but spirited manner, precise enough for the military man, but with colour enough for the general reader. Worthy of companionship with that narrative is his account of the siege of Lucknow. Having on our own part—for peace has its victories as well as war—grappled with and vanquished several hundredweight of books on India, brought out by the campaigns that have just given an Empress to Hindostan, we may fairly say that no account of the splendid deeds before the two cities has been better done than Captain Medley's. He showed in the campaigns that he could both fight and think, and he has shown in his book that he can both think and write. Long may our Empress be served by such men!

*Arithmetic for Beginners.* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) This little work is by the authors of "Cornwell and Fitch's 'Science of Arithmetic.'" We do not find upon examination that it is much better than existing works of a like character; but it has one peculiarity which must be mentioned. It is assumed that we are upon the eve of the adoption of a decimal system of coinage; and the compilers have given rules "for the reduction of our present money to the new denominations." Such concern to prepare youth for the future is praiseworthy enough, but as this is intended as a practical school book for the present rising generation, it strikes us as somewhat premature. We are not aware that the zeal of the commission over which Lord Overstone presides, has yet enabled them even to propose any new denominations of coin. Certainly no new denominations beyond the florin have yet been practically adopted. The compilers are thus a little too early with their cents and mills. They have reversed good Mrs. Glasse's maxim; they have cooked their hare even before it is caught. The introduction of regular examples of the decimal system of money, as if the system were in national operation, is therefore a mistake. Yet it is this which constitutes the main novelty of the work.

*Great Facts.* By Frederick C. Bakewell. (Houlston & Wright.) This is something like a history of inventions, especially of the most remarkable in the present century, compressed into a handy volume. The chapters on Steam Navigation, Railways, the Electric Telegraph, and Photography, are clear and copious; and due notice has been taken of the latest improvements in each. There is a little wiringdrawing in some of the descriptions, but Mr. Bakewell's style generally is as close and as vigorous as the nature of his topics permitted. As a comprehensive summary, suggestive of future progress, the work is really acceptable.

*The Congregational Pulpit.* Vol. 6. (Judd & Glass.) This publication is stated to have been in existence nearly four years, and to have been originated for the purpose of reflecting the state of the pulpit in the congregational denomination. The sermons in the present volume are generally sound practical discourses, but they are, for the most part, from preachers who may be upon the way to eminence, but who have not yet attained it. We infer from some remarks in the preface that the work has not yet outlived the objections to it; probably this may be the cause of the omission of several well-known names from the list of contributors. Some original outlines of sermons, Bible class exercises, and reviews of books fill up the volume.

*The Family Friend.* 1858-9. (Ward & Locke.) *The Family Economist.* 1859. (Houlston & Wright.) These works belong to the same class. Intended to combine recreative reading with instruction, through the medium of unobjectionable tales, biography, domestic hints, receipts, and so on, each has attained a firm hold upon public attention. If there be any real distinction between the two, it is to be found in the greater air of elaboration presented by the "Family Friend." Indeed we think the aim of its conductors is directed more towards practical ends than those of the "Family

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Economist," in which tales and stories are more numerous. The "Family Friend" has been in existence ten years, and a communicative preface gives the following details of its business concerns during the decade:

"It has sold 300,000 volumes, representing a sum of 37,500. In monthly numbers, 4,900,000 copies have been distributed, equivalent to a sum of 40,000. The advertisements on its wrappers have produced 18,000. It has consumed 17,000 reams of paper which have cost 17,000. The weight of the paper is 255 tons, which, at 1½d. per pound for paper duties, has yielded a revenue of 3780. The printing expenses have been 10,350; the engravings, 7900; the literature, 5000; binding, 6000; general advertising expenses, 10,000. The editors have received 530,000 letters through the Post Office, and used 300,000 stamps in replies. These represent a revenue of 3416. It gives constant support and employment to 120 families."

No more need be said on behalf of the "Family Friend." The "Family Economist" reveals no such particulars of its shorter experience, but in the main they must, upon a smaller scale, be analogous. The two publications are types of a class which depend for success upon the elements of cheapness and utility; and they each fulfil their mission very creditably.

*Health and Disease, their Laws; with plain Practical Prescriptions for the People.* By Benjamin Ridge, M.D., F.R.C.S., &c. (Chapman & Hall.) Dr. Ridge asks, in his chapter on cholera, "Is the practice of medicine always to remain an art and mystery?" Though the question, in its original connection, has reference only to a particular case, it may nevertheless be taken as the key to the whole work. We have had plenty of books more or less authentic, more or less empirical, containing directions for treatment, and prescriptions and rules for our own private handling of our own disorders. Our manias believed in "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," and we in brandy and salt, homoeopathy, hydropathy, Stomach and what not; and the land groans under tracts and treatises, and learned books, and unlearned advertisements of the genus "puff," all to the tune of "Every Man his own Doctor," but, like the unlearned judge, "giving no reasons." But here is a manual, at last, compiled by a fully initiated brother of the craft, who boldly professes to hold that the science of medicine is not only, like all other sciences, constantly progressing, but like them, is capable of being safely communicated in a popular way, and to a certain extent usefully, and who proceeds therefore not only to point out the treatment proper to all the ordinary difficulties, disorders, and disasters of the human frame; but to communicate simultaneously such a general view of the principles, on which that frame is constructed, as may enable the reader to understand how the remedies or treatment recommended operate in bringing about the desired end. The contending, or, as the author terms them, the "balancing" principles, always actively at work in our system, are carefully, concisely, and scientifically explained, and rules laid down by which anyone may readily detect and counteract any undue preponderance of either acid, alkali, or bitter. The conditions of health, as well as of disease, are treated of from the cradle upwards. What strikes us as the principal recommendation of the book, is its constantly keeping in the reader's view that Nature is the real healer, and that remedies but follow and assist her. This it is that distinguishes true science from the thousand and one impudent quackeries of the day. Nor need the profession be under any apprehension that Dr. Ridge's manual will interfere with their calling. On the contrary, by leading people away from empirical remedies, and disclosing the real causes of health and disease, it will, whilst enabling them safely to treat themselves in trifling and ordinary cases, show them more clearly than they saw it before, the necessity of resorting to professional advice in the commencement of all important disorders. And although we may look on an occasional passage as fanciful, the true theory in the introduction and the "glossology," hobby passion, for instance, yet we may honestly record our gratification at the boldness with which one scientific man has stepped from the ranks of shrouded reserve, and shown us, like Lord St. Leonards with his Handy Book, that there is little

mystery after all in the first principles of true science. Dr. Ridge specially recommends his manual to 1st, those who live at home, though surrounded by doctors (this is not quite intelligible); 2nd, to those who live far from doctors; 3rd, to masters of ships which carry no surgeons, emigrants, and colonists; 4th, to the profession itself. In all these recommendations we heartily concur, and to them add one more—to Paterfamilias.

Among other publications we have received "The Young Debater; a Handbook for Mutual Improvement and Debating Societies." It is by Samuel Neil, the author of "The Art of Reasoning," and published by Messrs. Houlston & Wright. Also the first part of "Fifty Years of an Actor's Life," by W. A. Donaldson, Senior, published by T. H. Lacy. Messrs. S. W. Silver & Co. have sent us their "Emigration Guide" for December. "Recollections of an Ex-Maniac, and other Tales," by Alexander Ross, have been forwarded by Mr. Stone of High Holborn. "The Scientific Drainage of Towns" is the title of a pamphlet sent by Mr. Hitchman, surgeon, of Leamington. It is dedicated to the Metropolitan Board of Works. A pamphlet, entitled, "Will the Thames be Purified under the New Act?" has been published by Sir W. Worsley, Bart. It is a reprint from the *Morning Post*, and its suggestions deserve the serious consideration of the Board of Works. Messrs. W. & R. Chambers are republishing in monthly parts Milner's "Gallery of Nature, Pictorial and Descriptive;" and Messrs. A. & C. Black have issued cheap maps of North America and the Atlantic Ocean. A third edition of Mr. Tate's "Treatise on Hysterical Affections," has been published by Mr. Churchill. It is a very small volume; it is important to society that Mr. Tate's method of treatment, which is simple and efficacious, should be widely known. Among other minor publications we have one by Mr. Thomas Oliver, architect, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, on "The Stephenson Monument;" and Messrs. Judd & Glass have issued a series of tracts, entitled "The Pulpit Observer," "Augustin and Wenona," "Prayer-book and its History," "Cheering Words for Weary and Troubled Believers," "Auricular Confession," and "Christian's Banquet." Messrs. Hogg & Son's have sent us a series of their "Golden Rule Story-Books for Young People;" and we cordially recommend them as admirably suited for impressing upon children the advantages and the necessity for industry, sobriety, firmness, patience, self-denial, order, contentment, and all the moral virtues.

Among the republications of the week are the fifth edition of "Noble Deeds of Women," one of Mr. Bohn's December issues, a work as interesting as it is popular; and Messrs. Blackwood & Sons' third volume of "Tales from Blackwood." The monthly issue of Mr. Charles Knight's "Popular History of England" has reached its thirty-fifth part, and is brought down to the year 1693. Messrs. Routledge, Warnes, & Routledge have issued the elder Disraeli's "Calamities and Quarrels of Authors." The announcement, in which as literary labourers we feel considerable pride, appears, of course, upon the title-page, that it is "Edited by his son, the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer."

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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## NÜRNBERG AND THE GERMANIC CENTRAL MUSEUM.

Few English travellers in the interior of Germany have omitted the old and important town of Nürnberg in their route. They will there have been regularly inducted by their *Lohndienter* to the two famous churches of St. Sebald and St. Lorenz, to the old Kaiserburg with its eight hundred year old lime, or to the unrivalled collection of the early Teutonic master in St. Moritz chapel; they will have been duly passed to the residence of old Hans Sachs, and perhaps emptied a *Seidel* *acht Baisersch* at the Schenke, formerly the residence of this master singer, whose six thousand and forty-eight poems surpass even the well-known fecundity of the Spaniard de Vega; but he drove the trade of verse much as he did that of his other profession of a cobbler, like a handicraft with guilds and every other appliance of municipal regulation, and he had ten years longer than Vega to write in, having died at the age of eighty-two. These and all the other sights of the olden Norica he will no doubt be taken to. But another important institution, lately sprung up within its walls, may not have yet been chronicled in the traveller's "Murray," and will therefore demand a more especial notice.

This old town, with its immense bulwark, Erker-houses, and other reminiscences of the olden time, could not fail to awaken a love of ancient Art in many of its citizens. Such a feeling found early response in the breast of Baron von und zu Aufsees, so called from his estate in the neighbourhood, who early began a collection of objects illustrative of art and science in bygone ages, and published already in 1846, "A Missive to a General Congress of Jurists, Historians, and Philologists," called together at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. In it he recounts his endeavours since 1830 to bring about a society for Germanic archeology and history, to which his own collections would be dedicated. In the year following he renewed his attempt at a collective meeting of the literati of his native country at Lübeck in September, 1847; but the political distractions of that and the succeeding years allowed little progress to be made in this laudable enterprise, and it seemed that a six years' subsidence of revolutionary fervour was necessary before the museum could be fully established, and an independent periodical as its organ could appear, under the title, "*Anzeiger für Kunde der deutschen Vorzeit*" (Intelligencer for a Knowledge of German Antiquity), since which date, 1853, the progress of the institution has been most successful, and its merits have been progressively rising in appreciation in every district of Fatherland.

The following are a few notes of progress from its successive reports:

The Federative Government at Frankfort, by a Bundesbeschluß, dated the 28th of July, 1853, desired the different states to send in the amounts they were willing to contribute voluntarily to support the institution. In response to this resolution, we have the Emperor of Austria contributing 10000 C.M.; the King of Prussia, 500 dollars; the Kings of Hanover and Prussia, 200 dollars each annually, and numerous independent princes with smaller sums; the Bavarian State Budget with 25000. Then follows a long list of town municipalities and private societies, whose aggregate amount is very considerable. The Berlin magistracy contributes 200 dollars, and in that city two branch sub-committees have been formed, one male and the other female, the latter induced by the notice of a mediæval boudoir and drawing-room furnished with every article of genuine antiquity. The Chamber of Representatives in the adjoining kingdom of Württemberg has determined its contribution shall be in relative proportion to that of Bavaria, and will, therefore, send about 7500 C.M. It may be supposed that this pecuniary support enables the committee to engage a large staff of curators and assistants, but pecuniary assistance is not its only dependence; nearly three hundred of the first publishing firms of Germany are supplying the library with valuable works, and engage for copies of every volume they issue. Private collectors contribute largely documents to the archives and cabinets of coins and medals, and a bequest is announced of a most valuable portfolio of the earliest engravings by a lady of the name of Zimmerman, from Wiesbaden. One of the most important acquisitions made by this institution was the turning over the entire area and locality of the supposed Carthusian Convent of the city of Nürnberg, when the

old situation in a tower of the fortifications near the Thurngauer Gate had been found perfectly inadequate for its accommodation. The principal feature of this new acquisition is a beautiful but somewhat ruinous cloister, vaulted and grained with freestone, with a range of about 400 feet by 300 feet, including a large open space, in which has been introduced a complete example of mediæval horticulture. All the herbs and shrubs are introduced used by the alchemists of former ages, or which were gathered as potent for spells and incantations—a feature, it is submitted, perfectly unique and curious. To restore the glorious architecture of the cloister the ex-king Ludwig, still a liberal supporter of Art, has specially dedicated 50000 C.M., so that it may soon be filled with the mediæval tombs and monuments which it is proposed to gather, either in originals, or, where these are not obtainable, in fac-simile copies, for making which there are artists in the establishment. The other portions of the conventual building will all have appropriate fittings up. We have already mentioned the refectory as converted into a drawing-room, &c. The archives, the library, the medals, and prints will each have appropriate sites. The church, on the Carthusian plan, is immensely high and long in proportion to the width of its single nave, but will no doubt be destined to receive such ecclesiastical furniture and ornaments as can be procured from the secularised monasteries or voluntary offerings, and thus every object will impress its use upon the spectator by the very place in which it is shown.

This is a very inadequate account of the general resources and object of this national assemblage, but may serve to draw the attention of travellers to it. A more detailed specification of some of its treasures must be deferred to another opportunity. Should any native of "Fatherland," or friend of Teutonic archeology, be willing to aid this Central Germanic Institution, the address of a gentleman connected with it, who will receive and forward either pecuniary or material aid, may be learnt at the office of the *Literary Gazette*.

## MISCELLANEA.

The Naples correspondent of the *Independence Belge* writes:—"The first representation of Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* was given the day before yesterday (November 28) at St. Charles, with great success. I was present the previous evening at the general rehearsal of this remarkable work, which will shortly monopolise the columns of the journals. At this rehearsal the immense theatre was full up to the sixth tier of boxes. Prince Leopold begged M. Verdi to allow the doors to be open, and this was a true performance in black suits, with choristers in jackets and dancers in frock coats and long dresses, before two or three thousand non-paying spectators. Never has Verdi obtained so great a success. He was called seven-teen times before the curtain."

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—The provisional meeting of this Society is announced to take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday evening next. In addition to the ordinary platform proceedings of a public meeting will be given a concert of classical music, vocal and instrumental, for which some of the principal professionals have volunteered their services. A numerous collection of pictures and other works of Art will be exhibited throughout the evening in the drawing and ante-rooms. The admission (in which ladies are included) is to be free, by tickets obtainable of the honorary secretary, of Messrs. Colnaghi & Co., Messrs. H. Graves & Co., Messrs. Leggett & Co., Mr. Sams, and other principal librarians and printersellers.

THE NIGER EXPEDITION.—Advices have been received from the steamship *Sunbeam*, attached to the Niger expedition, dated off Rabba, October 6. The *Sunbeam* entered the Niger on the 30th of June, reached Ebo on the 18th of July, where she remained a month, and arrived at Rabba on the 2nd of October, with the loss of only one European—the cabin steward. After embarking the collections of Dr. Baikie, R.N., and his assistants, she was to leave on her descent of the river, and may be expected to arrive at Fernando Po in December. A great portion of her native crew had deserted the steamer on the second day of her entering the river, carrying off some of her boats; but notwithstanding this untoward circumstance, no opposition or difficulty was experienced from the natives, either in the Delta or the upper parts of the river, and the different trading factories

established last year were in full operation. Dr. Baikie and the government members of the expedition were in good health after their twelve months' encampment on the banks of the Niger, during which period there had not occurred the slightest disagreement with the natives. The comparative impunity from African diseases, whether among the crew of the *Sunbeam* or the party at the encampment, is to be ascribed to the free use of quinine, with which they were abundantly supplied.

ANTIQUITIES FROM THE EAST.—On Wednesday Her Majesty's iron screw steam storeship *Supply*, in basin at Woolwich, discharging antiquities from Boudron and Carthage, was ordered to be surveyed and return to the East, and reload with a similar cargo. M. Panizzi, secretary of the British Museum, went on board the *Supply*, at Woolwich, and entered into arrangements for the transport of the valuable relics to London. Some of the cases are of great weight, particularly a marble sarcophagus from Sidon.

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